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GOLDSBERRY AND DORAN
THE NATIONAL GARMENT CUTTER
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

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THE

National Garment Cutter

GOLDSBERRY, DORAN & NELSON,

PROPRIETORS.

CHICAGO, ILL.

645 West Lake Street.

AGENTS WANTED

Dawley & Metcalf, Printers, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

INTRODUCTION.

To lay off patterns, and to cut, fit and make garments of every description, which will conform in all cases with the prevailing fashion and fit properly, is by no means an undesirable attainment. It is one that any lady of limited means will find a valuable and economic fraction of her domestic education; to the really poor such a knowledge is a necessity, and to those of larger means an ability to superintend the cutting, fitting and making up of their own and their children's clothing, with a perfect knowledge that the result will be satisfactory, will, we know, in most cases, prove an agreeable occupation.

But little can be said to recommend such knowledge that will not be apparent to the most careless observer; many in straightened circumstances have felt the absolute need of it, and many others have but to see the ease with which such knowledge can be attained, and with what simplicity the work can be done, to reach out a now waiting hand to welcome its introduction as a harbinger of good into their household.

The system of cutting and fitting which we introduce herewith, is designed with the intention of fully meeting this long felt want, and of doing so in the simplest and most perfect possible manner. It completely revolutionizes the art of cutting, and with it and the books that will be issued to accompany it, any person can readily lay off any garment worn by men, women or children, of any size, and fully as well fitting and fashionable as can be done by either tailor or dressmaker.

There are already in the market very many systems of cutting garments, more or less expensive, and all imperfect in many respects, some are adapted to only men and boys clothing, some only to ladies' dresses, (generally the waist or basque only) others only to skirts, and a very few to childrens' clothing; some combine a system of cutting several garments, but most of all are confined to the narrow limit of but one, with no range (or if any, a very limited one) of style. None have ever before reduced the art of cutting everything worn to but one system, and rendered that one so simple that a child can understand, and with but few instructions successfully operate it. This we claim for our system alone, the one great desideratum to which none other has attained, and which renders it so entirely beyond all others as to make comparison out of the question. Our range of garments and styles is unlimited; anything worn can be cut, and any fashion ever designed will be within its compass.

It is in itself so entirely complete that even the most elaborate trimming can be cut and any style of drapery is rendered easy and simple to the uninitiated.

To the expert tailor or dress maker who is now working with some dearly purchased and laboriously learned system of cutting, we ask you too, to look carefully into the merits (and demerits if you can find any) of our plan; see how much more complete and in every way handy it is than the one you are now using; be candid in making your decision, and recollect, if you can do excellent work with what you now have with its imperfections, you can do the same work more easily, quickly, and possibly more perfectly with a more perfect system. To your experience and knowledge we know that we can add that which will enable you to do your work with better satisfaction to yourself than you have hitherto done.

There are very few into whose hands this system will fall but what know something of cutting and fitting; we shall, however, presume that everyone purchasing it is a novice, and make our instructions in cutting and fitting, and making up, so simple, explicit and thorough, that all will fully understand them; therefore, carefully read the general directions on the following pages.

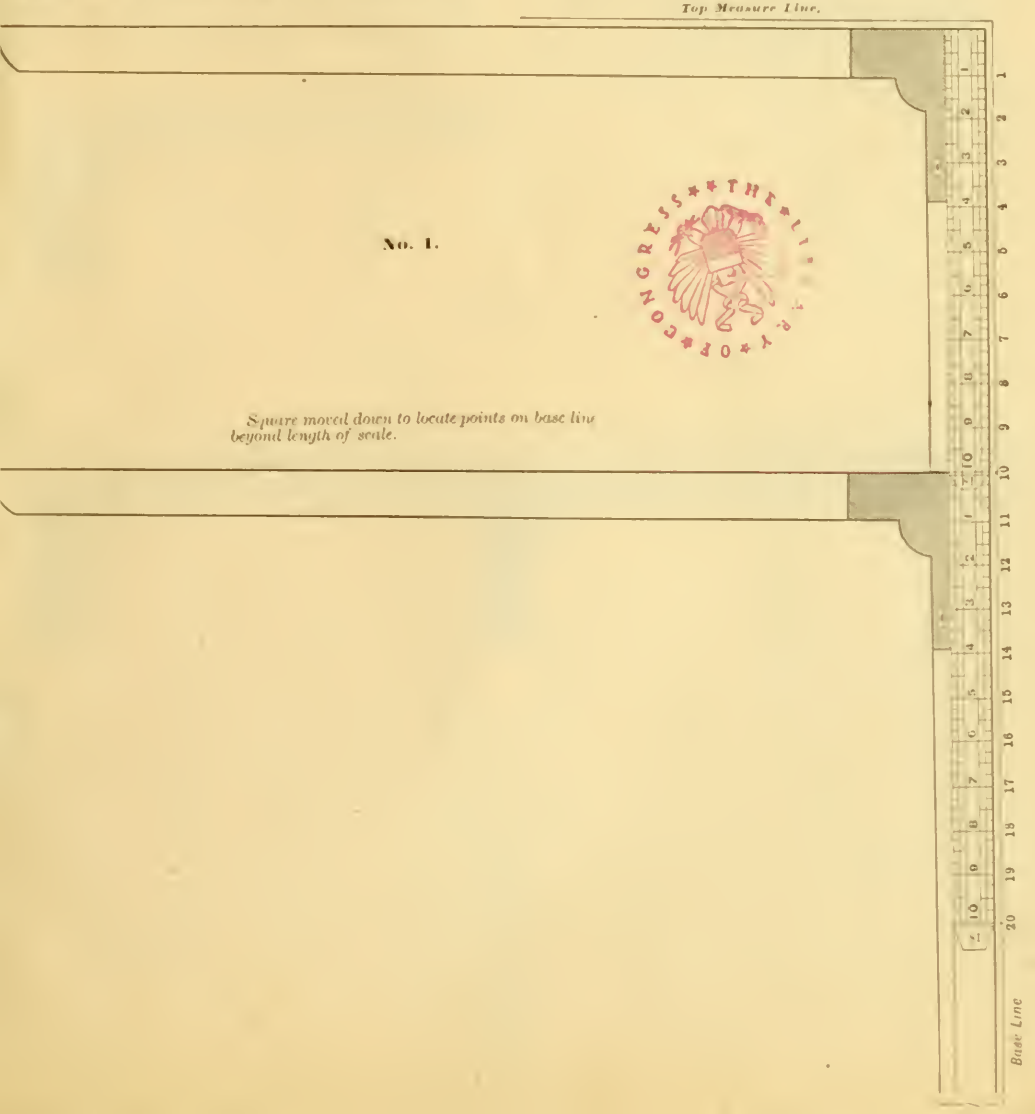
GENERAL DIRECTIONS.

We would reccommend in all cases that patterns of paper be cut from which to cut the garments; a more experienced person need not always do this, but it renders mistakes impossible, and a pattern once made when properly cut and laid away, will very often be found of use and a saying of time.

For each pattern there is a diagram which is realy but a pattern in miniature, and which has but to be enlarged, and in a few cases modified, to become a complete pattern. The principal line is the vertical one, at the right of each diagram; it is the first line drawn on, and from it all measurements are taken and laid off; for this reason we call it the "base line," and it will in all cases be spoken of by that name.

The instruments for laying off patterns or garments consists of a square, a series of scales, commencing with No. 18 and ending with No. 45, fourteen in an, arranged with two numbers printed in each rule, and a curved drafting tool. The scales correspond with, and the proper one to use is selected by the measure in inches of the person for whom the garment is to be made. The measure of the person is taken as directed for the garment being cut; for example, you wish to cut a shirt pattern, you turn to the directions and read as follows: "Measure around the breast, over the vest, drawing the tape line moderately tight: select the scale corresponding with the measurements and use it in laying off the entire pattern, etc.;" that is, if the measure in inches is 37, take scale No. 37, or if it should chance to be 39 inches take scale No. 39, or whatever be the measure in inches use the scale of the same number; the scale so selected being used for the entire garment.

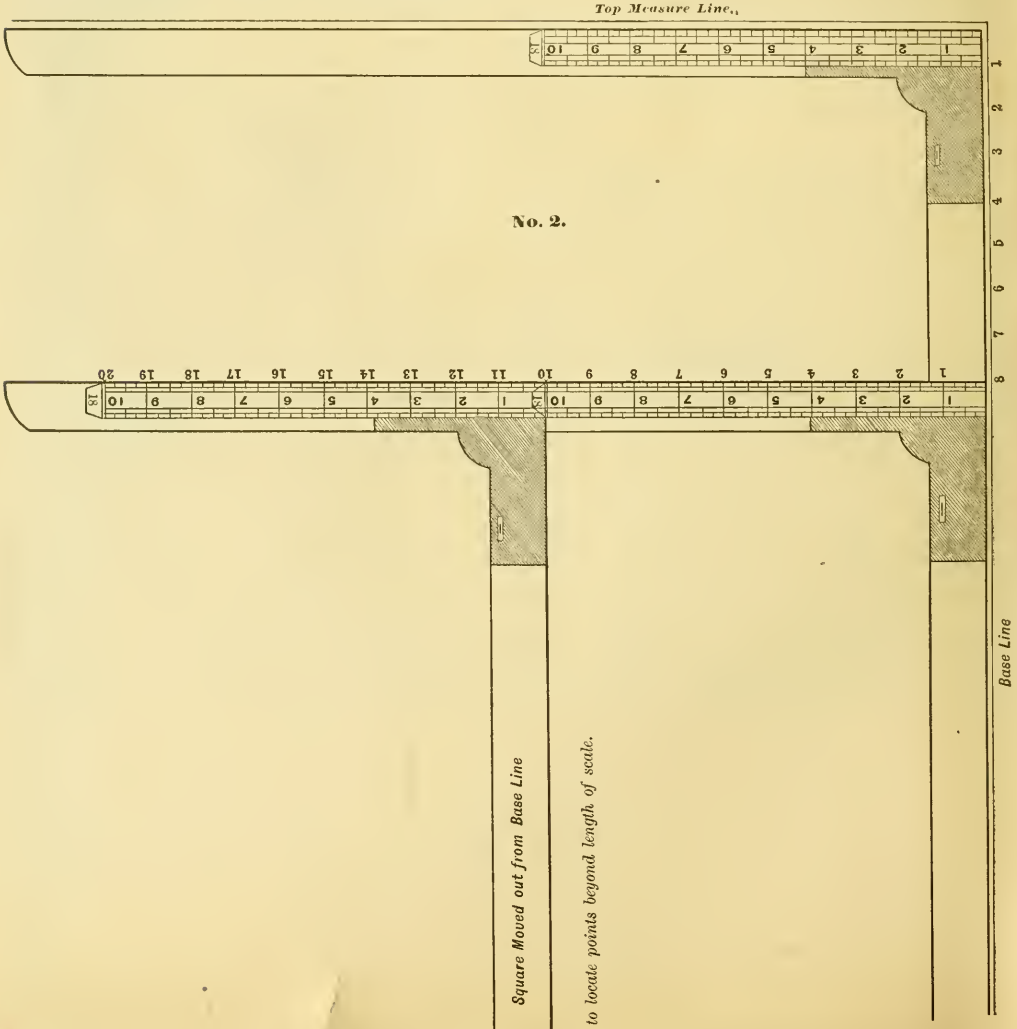
Having selected the proper scale for the garment attach it to the square by pressing it under the clamps on the longer blade, with the end on which the first space is printed even with the angle formed by the intersection of the blades. A more perfect understanding of its position may be had by reference to accompaning cut No. 1, which



shows the square with scale attached. First, in position to commence work; and second, moved down to draw a cross or measure line, which will be explained hereafter. To lay off any pattern, first place your paper so it lays lengthwise from right to left. Always hold your square and use it with the long blade laying from right to left and the short one projecting from you, that is with the intersection of the two blades of the square at your right hand; draw a line on the edge of the paper nearest you, as long as will be required for the pattern, taking care to draw it straight and *continuous*, that being the "*base line*;" then draw another perpendicular to it across the end of the paper at your right hand, marked in the cut above "top measure line." Place your square exactly in the angle formed, and with the diagram before you, mark such points as are located on the base line therein, on the base line you have drawn, using the figures on the diagram as an index by which to locate them. If any of the numbers be higher than ten (which is the limit of each scale) mark ten, move your scale down as is shown by the second position of the square in the cut above and continue till all points are located on the base line.

Take for example a shirt back; after drawing the base line and the one across the end of the paper, lay your square as directed and procced to mark the points as follows: First ¼, next 6¾, then mark ten (the end of the scale) move your square down to this point and mark 11¼, then 13, then 19¾, then the end of the scale again making 20; move the square down again and mark 25½; again mark the end making 30; mark another ¼ making 30¼ spaces from the point where the lines above intersect, which is the last point on the base line; it is advisable to mark your points to be used in drawing and those where the scale ends differently; for instance, the former with a dot, the latter with a small cross; this will prevent confusion.

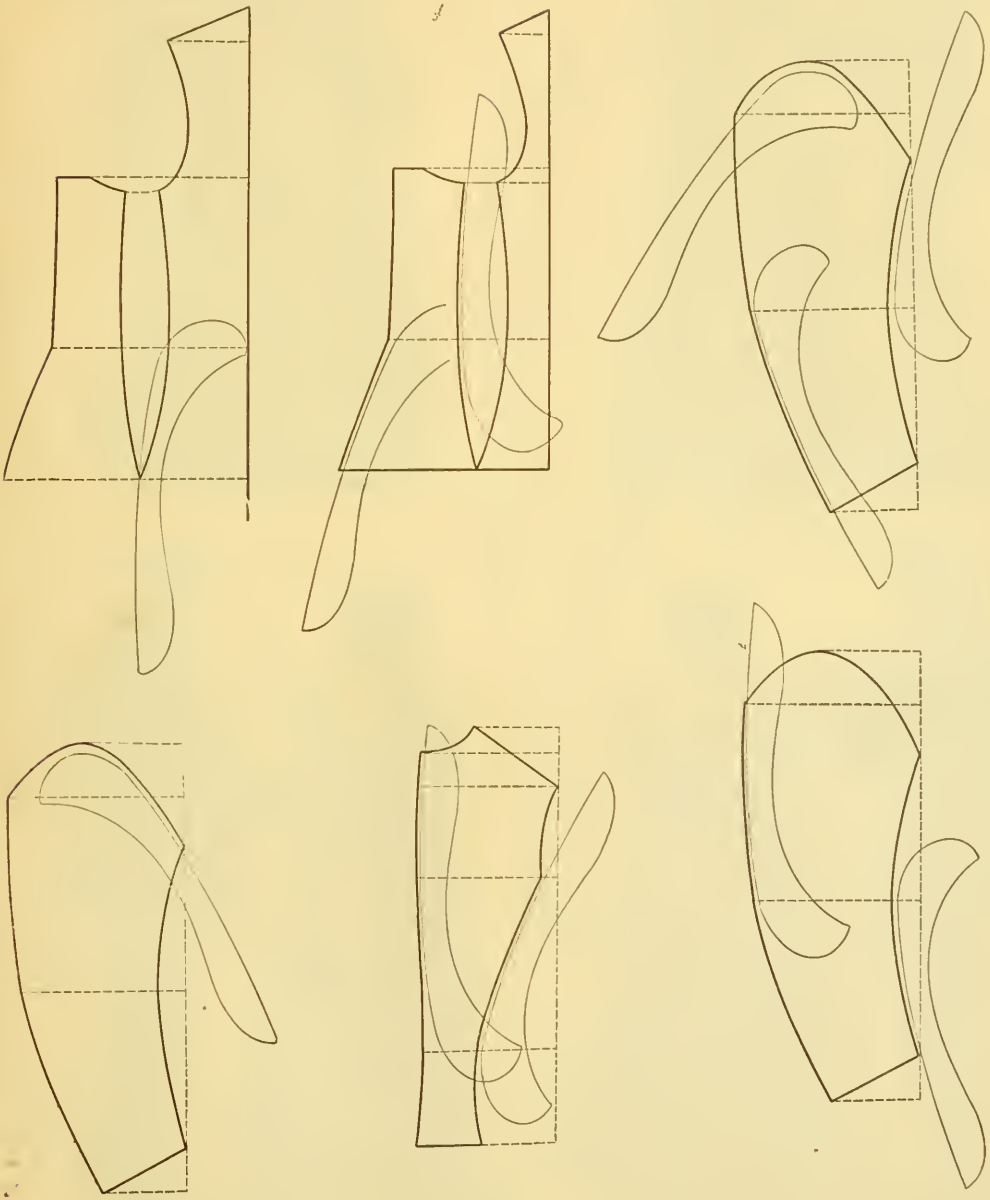
Next proceed to lay off the perpendiculars from each of these points where there is one dotted on the diagram, using the short blade of the square for the purpose, and keeping the long blade exactly on the base line in all cases. Observe in doing this that not all the points located on the base line have dotted lines drawn from them, some are merely located to cut to; this is the case in nearly all patterns and it is well to avoid drawing lines from such points as confusion may result from superfluous lines so drawn. Having drawn this last line, change the scale to the short blade of the square as shown in the cut No. 2

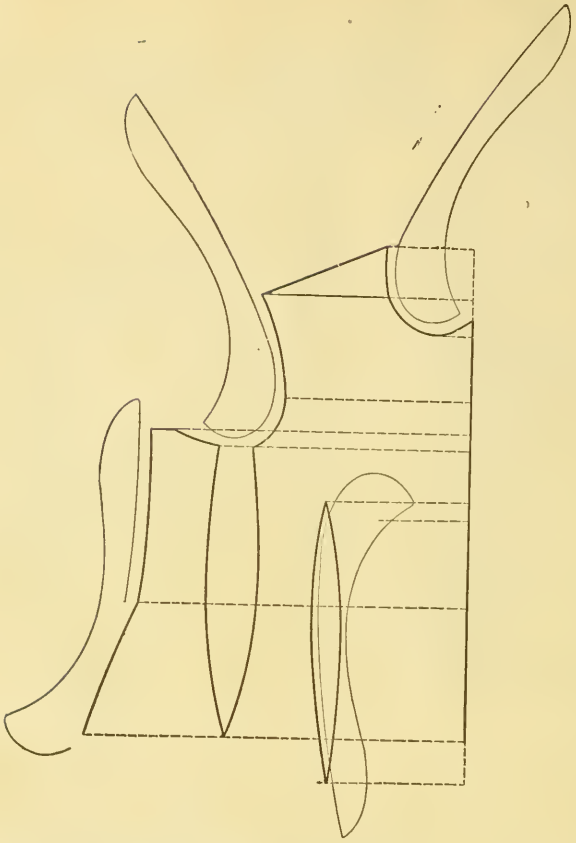


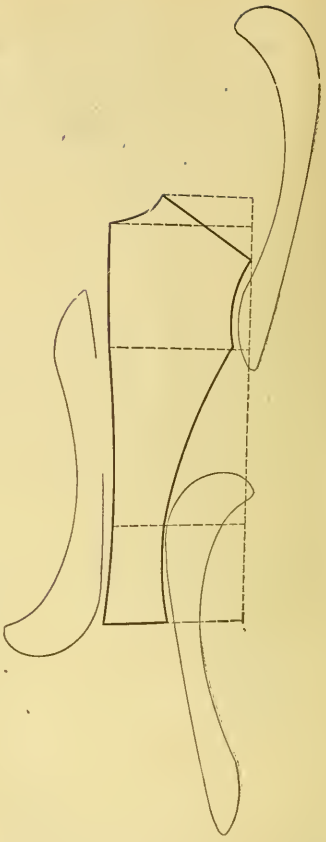
No. 2.

and placing the square in its first position locate such points as are shown on the top measure line in the diagram, *measuring from the base line*. Should any point be greater than 10 move the square out from the base line and locate it as shown in the second position, move the square down to the second measure line and locate the points on it as you did those on the first, and so proceed until all points in the diagram are located on the pattern you are drawing. Fill in from point to point, drawing straight lines with the square, and curves with the curved drafting tool provided for that purpose, until the pattern is complete.

The various positions of the curved drafting tool for different parts of patterns are shown in the accompanying drawings, a full study of which will be very useful to the beginner as nearly every application of it is there shown.







These directions apply to all patterns. The manner of laying off all is essentially the same, and when any deviation is necessary it is noted in the directions for the pattern where such change is needed.

Cut your goods exactly the size of the pattern. Make no allowance in any garment or pattern for seams, and take up only as much seam in making up as directed; recollect a fraction of an inch taken up on each seam in any garment will make no small difference in its fit.

Care must be taken to mark all points correctly; *do not* be careless in locating points or drawing lines, for the fit of the garments depend entirely upon the accuracy with which the work is done. Keep your square in its proper position and draw all lines on which measurements are made *exactly* perpendicular to the base line. In cutting goods with a nap care must be taken to have it run towards the bottom of the garment.

The following cut illustrates the manner of taking the various measurements that are sometimes needed to verify a pattern; the first cuts here taking the bust measure, second the length of the waist, the third the length of the sleeve. The position of the tape line and the points from which measurements are taken should all be studied carefully. In basque patterns, &c., the scale selected by the bust measure regulates the fit of that portion of the garment. It is always best to test the pattern before filling in the curves and other lines. For instance, you are cutting a basque pattern you take the measure of the length of the waist and measure the base line of the bottom for the back between the points representing the back of the neck and waist, see if they are the same as the actual measure of the person you are fitting, if not, raise or lower the waist line as the case may require, taking care not to change any of the other lines in so doing and placing the figures on that line the same distance from the base line as shown in the diagram, that is, the line is changed but not the position of the points on the line. Also test the waist and make the alteration if any, necessary by enlarging or contracting the under-arm dart. In measuring for the sleeve deduct the width of the back and shoulder seams and see if the length to the elbow and cuff make up the difference as shown by the tape line; if not, lower the elbow and cuff lines to lengthen the sleeve; if too long, raise them. In case the waist line in the back is raised or lowered it is always necessary to make the same change in the waist line in all the other parts of the garment; for this reason *always lay off the pattern for the back of all garments first.*

The careful attention of the beginner should be given to the general directions, and by a strict adherence to them a perfect fit of any garment shown to any person, no matter what their form may be, can invariably be had. It is only necessary to be accurate in your work to be satisfied with it when finished, Carelessness will in this as with anything else generally result in wasted effort.

(1)

(2)

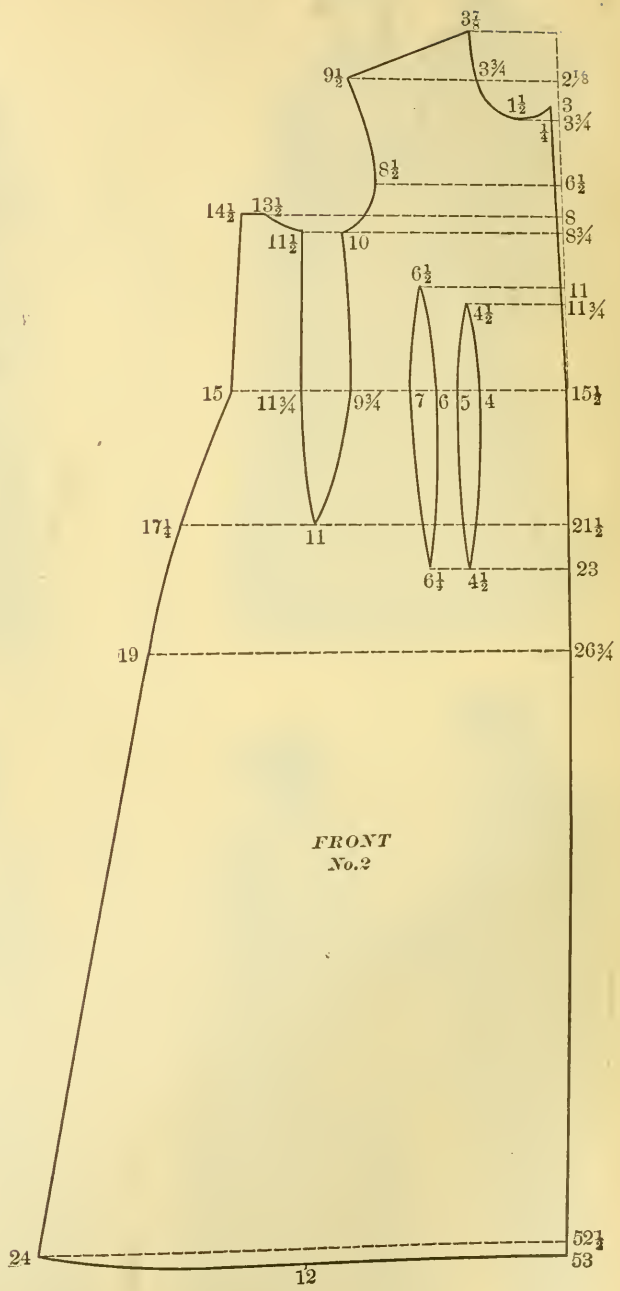
(3)

(4)

LADIES' SHORT PRINCESS DRESS.

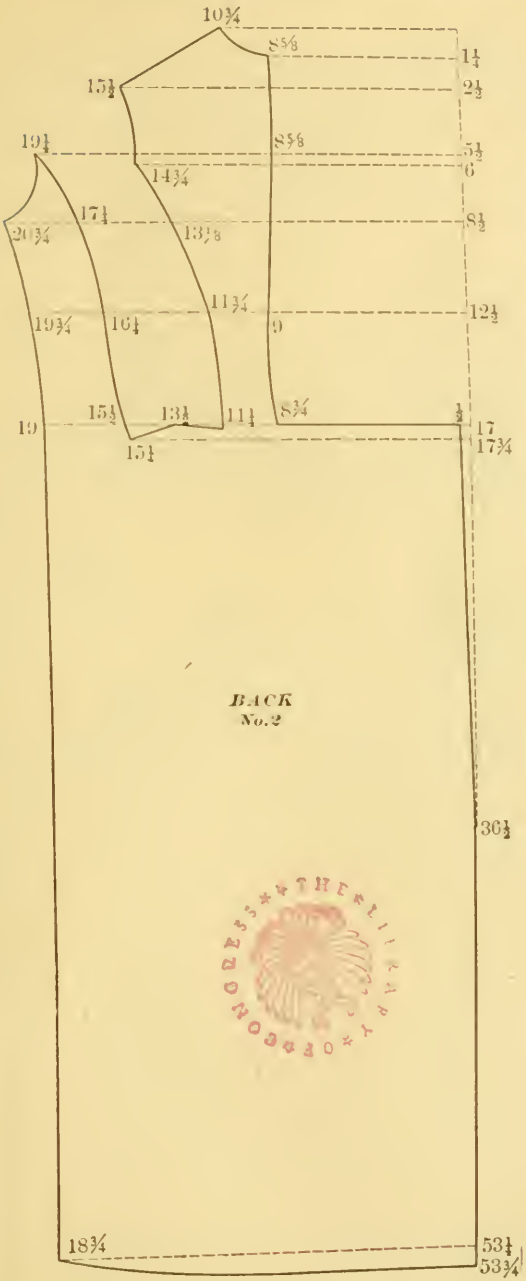
Use the bust measure in laying off this pattern, selecting the scale and proceeding in accordance with the general directions. It is in four pieces, as follows: Back and side-back in one, front and two sleeve portions. In cutting the goods, place the pattern for the back with the back edge of its skirt on a lengthwise fold of the goods to avoid a center seam. Cut the other sorts lengthwise. In making up the garment, turn under the front of the right side at the point marked 1½, and that of the left side about 1½ space less for hems. Close the seams in the back and fasten the extra fullness at its termination in a double box-plait underneath, with the edges of the plaits together. Also fasten the extra width at the side-back seam in a backward turning plait underneath. Cut a standing collar or binding for the neck from a straight piecee of the goods and attach it to the garment. Sew a pocket to each front. Close the seams in the sleeve and sew them in with the outside seams of each at the back of the arms-eye, and the extra width in a forward turning plait under the arm. Hold it toward you while sewing it in. Close the front with button-holes and buttons, attaching the buttons to the left front. If desired, the hems may be fastened permanently together from a little below the waist. Bind the edges of the pockets and attach a row of three buttons to the wrists of the sleeves in front of the outside seam. Lace-plaiting, ruffles or flat bands may be used for trimming with pleasing results.

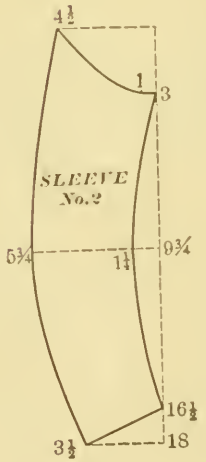
Quantity of material required: 22 inches wide, 7¾ yards; 36 inches wide, 5¼ yards; 48 inches wide, 3⅜ yards; No. of buttons, 32.



FRONT
No. 2

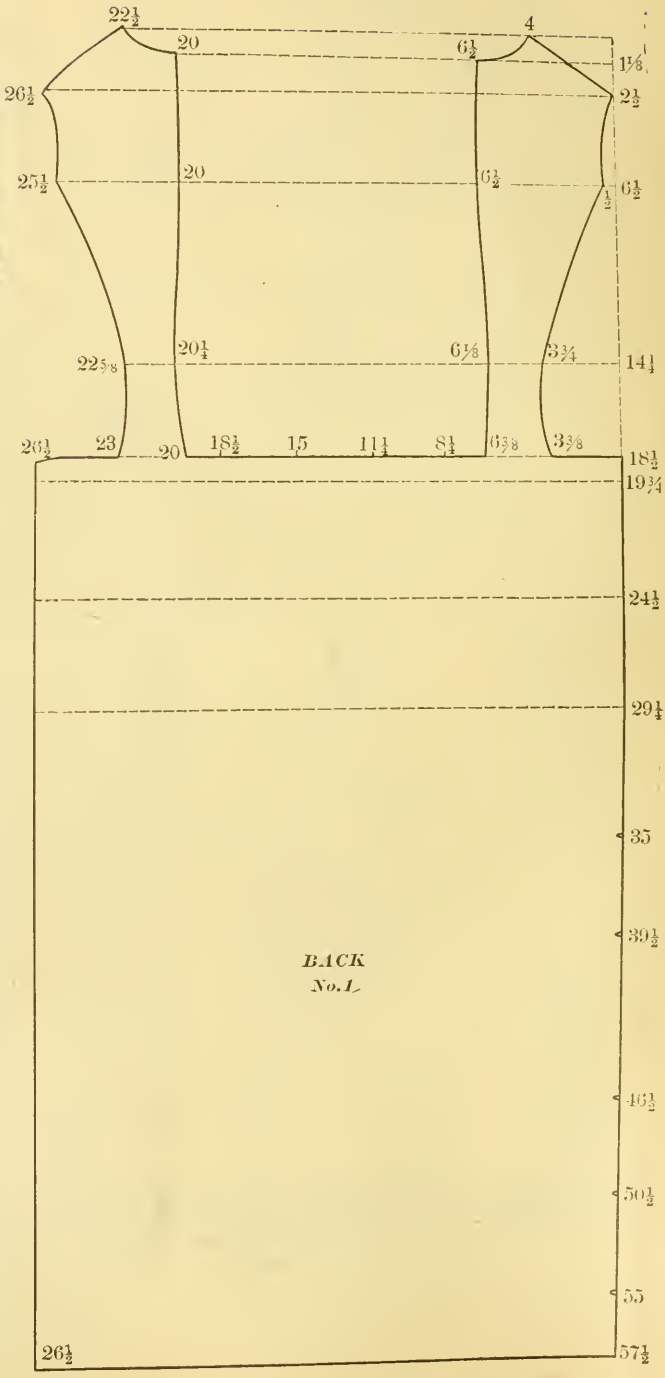
LADIES' SHORT PRINCESS DRESS.--Continued.

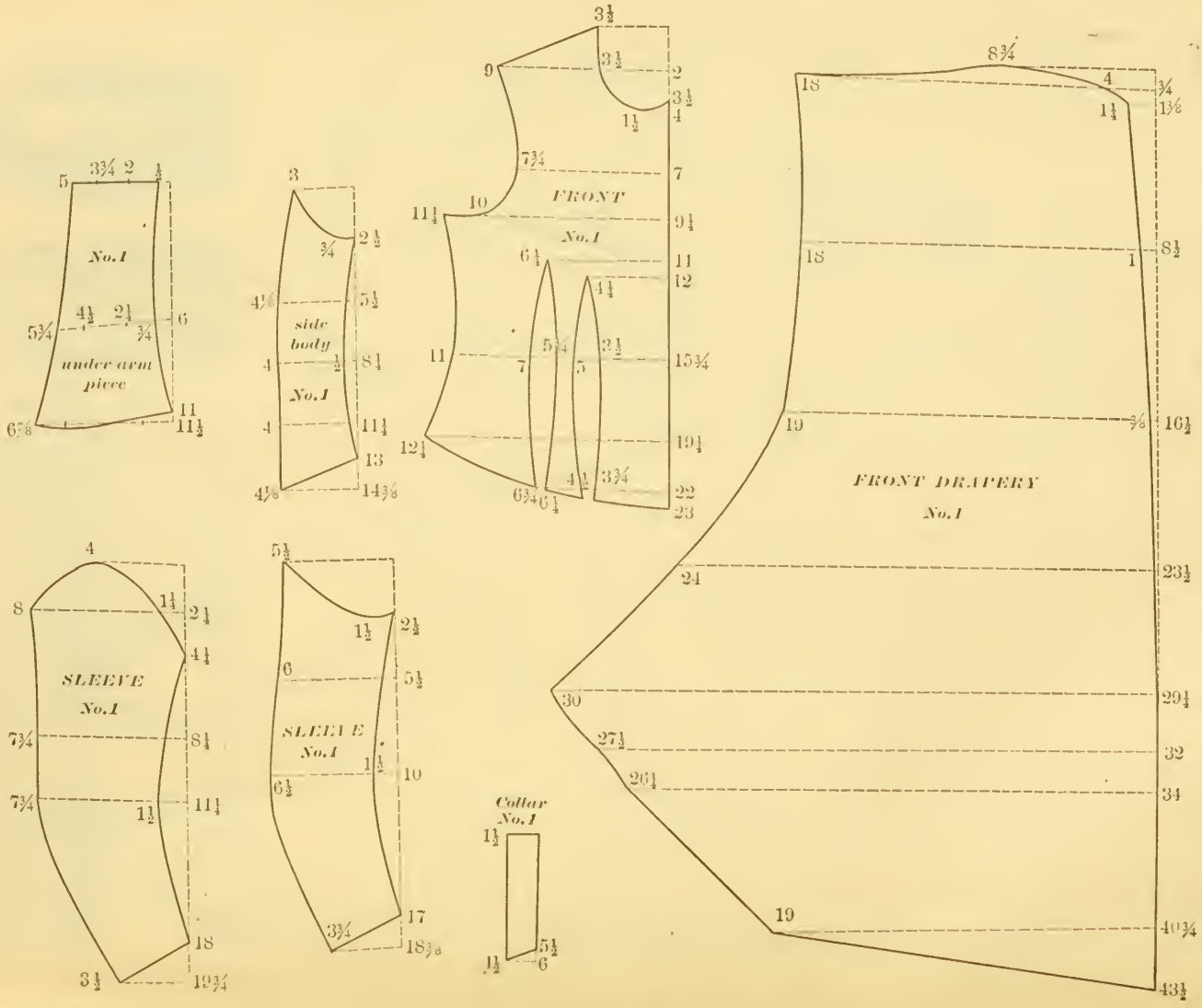




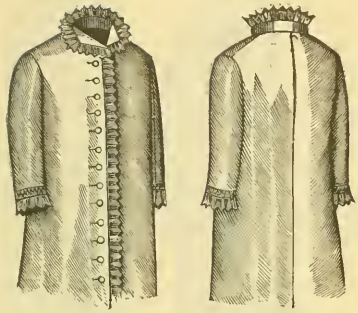
LADIES' POLANAISE.

This pattern is laid off by the bust measure, the scale selected thereby and in accordance with the general directions. It is in eight pieces, as follows: Back and back-drapery in one, front, under-arm gore, side-back, collar, front drapery and two pieces of the sleeve. In cutting the goods lay the square end of the pattern for collar on a lengthwise fold of the goods to avoid a center seam. Cut the side-back and under-arm gore with the waist line in pattern of each, numbered respectively 8¼ and 6½, on a cross thread of the goods. Cut the front drapery with its longest straight edge, the back with either edge of its drapery, the front with its front edge, the larger sleeve portions, with the points of its shortest lengthwise curve, and the smaller sleeve portion with its upper half, all laid lengthwise of the goods. (The side of the back drapery cut at the base line is the left side.) In making up the goods turn under the right front as far back as the point marked 1½ for a hem, and underface the left front a trifle farther. Close the seam of the back, and fasten the extra fullness at its termination in a double box-plait underneath. In the right side edge of the back drapery make two upward-turning plaits, as shown by extreme ends of lines drawn at figures 24½ and 29¼ on the base line, and in the left side make seven plaits as shown by two numbers given above five others below them. Tack the lapped lower edges of the front permanently. Turn three upward-turning plaits in the left end of the front drapery. Turn two similar plaits in the right end, join the top of this drapery to the lower edges of the fronts, under-arm gores and side-backs with its center at that of the front; also join its plaited ends to the corresponding ends of the back drapery. Fasten the extra width at each side-back seam in backward turning plait underneath, sew the collar to the neck with its center at the center seam in the back, then turn it up and fell the lining over the seam. Close the seams in the sleeve and attach it to the garment with the outside seam at the back of the arms-eye. Hold the sleeve towards you while sewing it in, and fasten the extra fullness in a forward-turning plait under the arm. Close the front with buttons and button-holes. Decorate the loose edges of the front drapery with rows of braid, fastening one end of each row under the loose edge, and terminating the other in a loop about four inches from the edge. Trim each front with horizontal rows of braid, terminating the ends for that from center in loops. Trim the wrists of the sleeves with upright rows of braid, fastening one end of each row under lower edge, and terminating the other in a loop about four inches above, or any preferred decoration may be adopted.



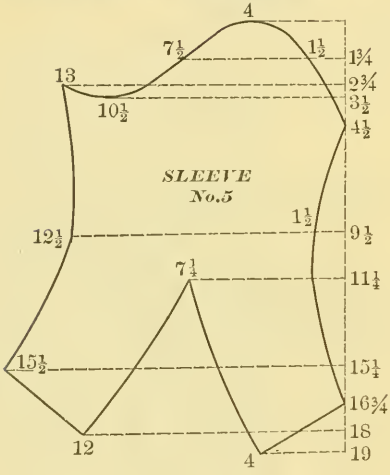

No. 1
under arm piece
side body
No. 1
FRONT
No. 1
FRONT DRAPERY
No. 1
SLEEVE
No. 1
SLEEVE
No. 1
Collar
No. 1

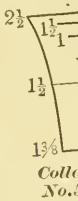
LADIES' CIRCULAR NIGHT DRESS.

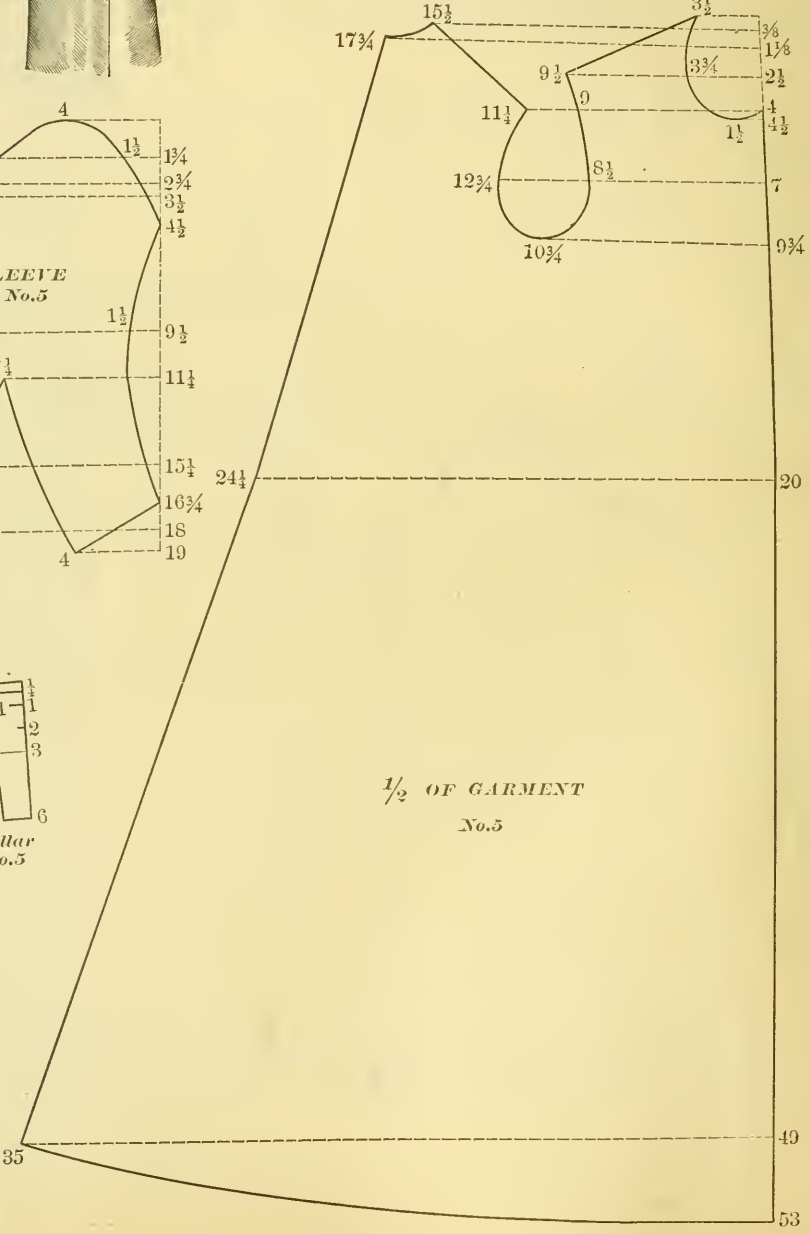


To lay off this garment, take the bust measure in inches, select the scale the number which corresponds therewith, and proceed by the general directions. The diagram shows three pieces of the pattern—night dress, collar and sleeve. Cut the goods with the shortest end of the collar pattern on a lengthwise fold of the goods; the night dress with the front edge of its pattern, and the sleeve with its pattern layed lengthwise of the goods. In making the garment turn under the front edges of night dress portion at the point marked 1¼ for the left side, and about one-quarter space less for the right side. Take up all seams evenly. Attach collar with its center at the seam in the back, then turn it up, felling the lining over the seam and turning its corners over at the points marked ¼, 1 and 1½. Close the seams of the sleeves and attach them to garment with the inside seam at the front of the arms-eye. Hold the sleeve toward you while sewing it in, and fasten any extra fullness in a pleat turning forward under the arm. Close with buttons and button-holes, making the latter in the wide hem. Trim with torchon lace, embroidery, braiding, or in any other manner desired.

The garment may be made any length by taking measure with tape line, laying off pattern thereby. All seams and hems are allowed for. Quantity of material required: 36 inches wide, 4⅛ yards. No. buttons 19.



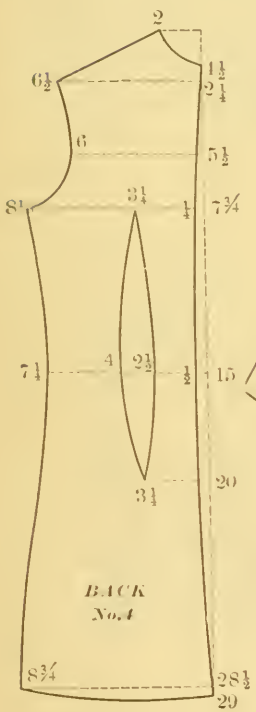


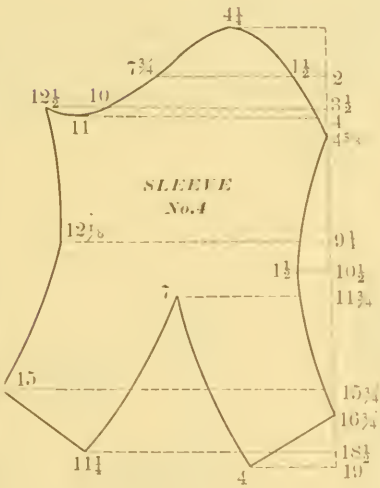


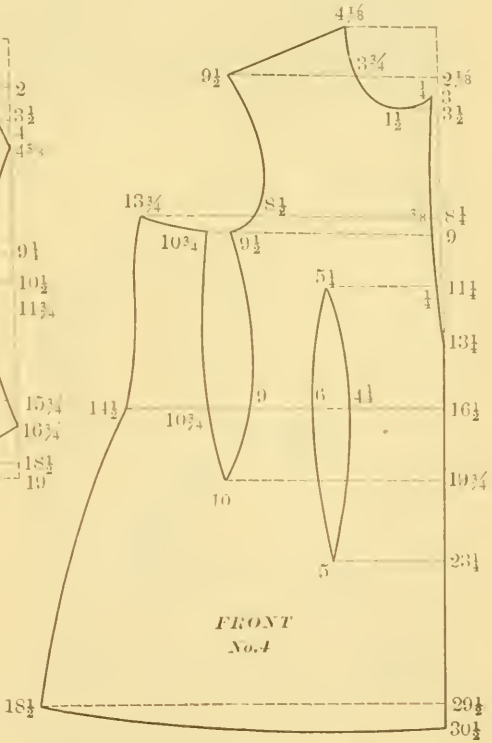
LADIES' UNDER VEST.

This pattern is layed off by the bust measure and as described in the general directions. It is in three pieces, front, back and sleeve. In cutting the goods place the pattern for the back with its back edge on a lengthwise fold of the goods to avoid a center seam; cut the other two parts lengthwise of the goods. In making up turn under each fronts at the point marked 1½ for a hem; close the seams of the sleeves and attach them to the body of the garment with their inside seams at the front of the arms-eyes; hold the sleeves toward you while sewing them in and fasten the extra fullness in a forward turning pleat under the arm, and close the front with button-holes and buttons. If the garment is made of flannel, cut the neck and lower end of the sleeves in scollops and finish them with button-hole stitching, also embroider a dot in the center of each scollop. If desired the neck may be cut out and the sleeves cut shorter and the edges finished as above described, or in any more pleasing manner.

Quantity of material required: 27 in. wide, 3¼ yds; 36 in. wide, 3 yds. No. buttons 17.



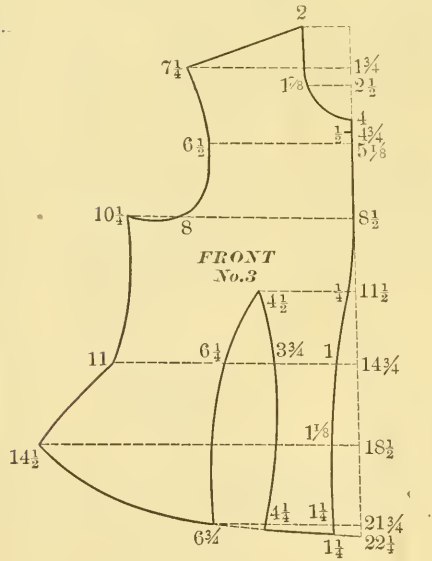


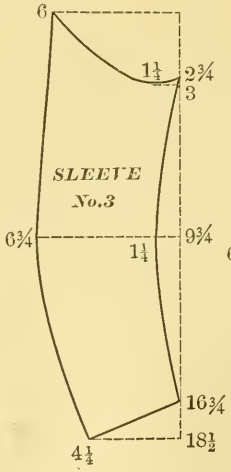


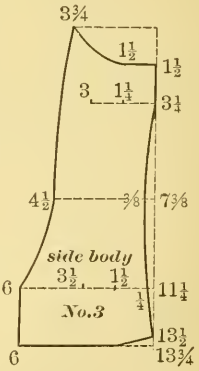
LADIES' COAT.

This pattern is in nine pieces, as follows: Front, gore for front, front skirt, back, side-back, collar, pocket lap, and two sleeve portions. It is all layed off by the bust measure and in accordance with the General Directions. In cutting the goods, cut the collar bias, cut the back with the back edge of its skirt, the front skirt with its longest straight edge, and all the other pieces with the patterns laid lengthwise of the goods. There will also be required three small straps about two spaces long and one and one-half spaces broad, with one end pointed by cutting off the corners. In making up the garment, turn under each front skirt at the point marked 1½ for a hem. Take up the darts in the front and close other seams, leaving that in the center of the back till the last, in closing that commence at the top and close it to the extra fullness. Turn under all the extra width and one-fourth space more on the left side for a hem; lay the extra width of the right side under the hems thus formed and tack its top. Arrange a pocket lap on each front skirt. Under-face the front edges of the gores for the front. Join the top of a front skirt to the lower edge of the front, gore and side-back at each side with the front edge of the skirt as hemmed even with the faced edge of the gore and fasten the extra width at each side-back seam in a forward turning pleat underneath. Make a button-hole in the pointed end of each strap and sew the square end of the straps underneath to the hem of the left back, at equal distances apart. Sew corresponding buttons to the extra width of the right back and fasten these extra widths together with the straps and buttons. Join the wide ends of the collar, attach it to the neck and roll it and the fronts over in their proper positions. Close the seams of the sleeves and sew it in with the outside seam at the back of the arms-eye. Hold the sleeve toward you while you sew in and fasten its extra fullness in a pleat turning forward under the arm. Close the fronts in double-breasted style with buttons and button-holes, making an extra button-hole in each lappel and attaching a corresponding button to each front. Face the collar and lappels. Finish the loose edges of the pocket-laps and outline a round cuff on the sleeve with two rows of machine-stitching. Also machine-stitch the front edge of each side-back pleat to position. Place a button at the top of each side-back pleat and two on the upper side of the wrist of the sleeve in front of the outside seam. Any desired decoration may be adopted. All seams and hems are allowed for.

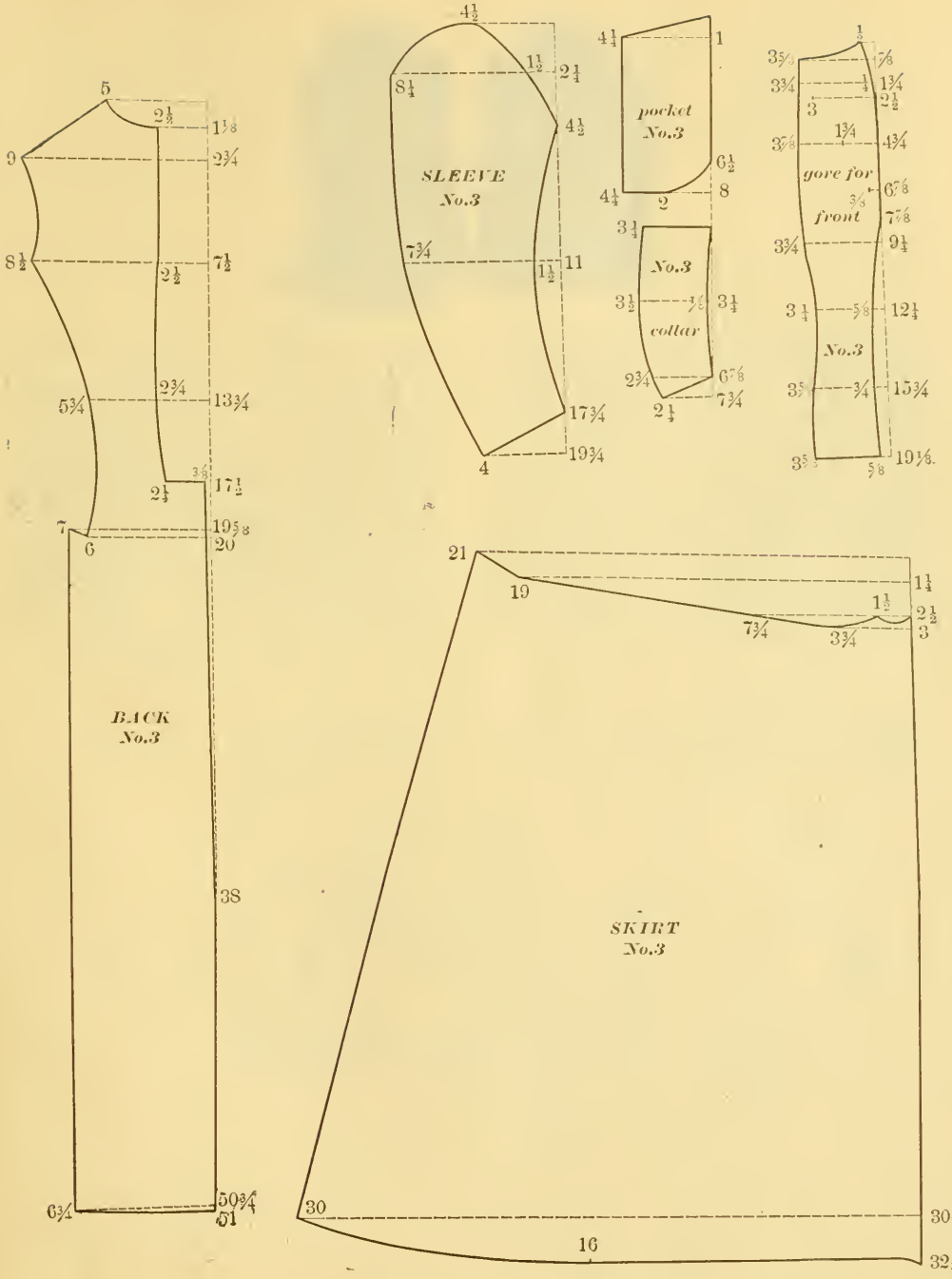
Quantity of material reqired: 22 inches wide, 6⅞ yds; 48 inches wide, 3⅛ yds; 54 inches wide, 3⅛ yds; No. buttons, 18.







LADIES' COAT.--Continued.

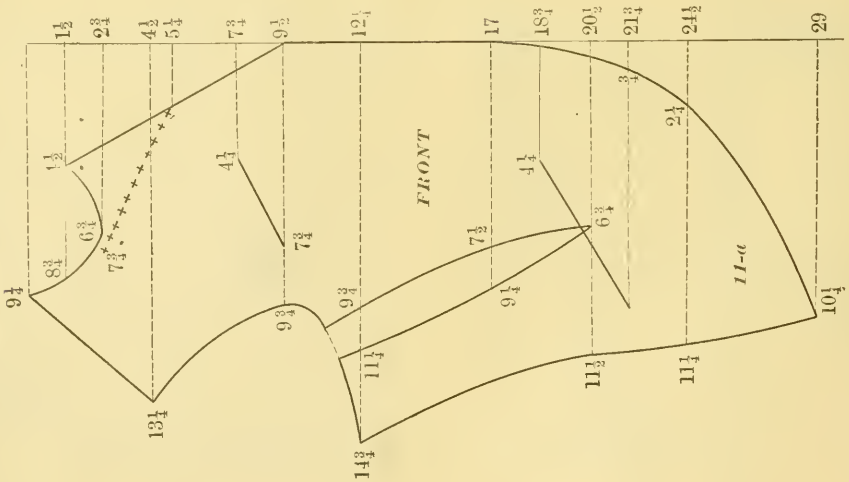


LADIES' CUT-AWAY COAT.

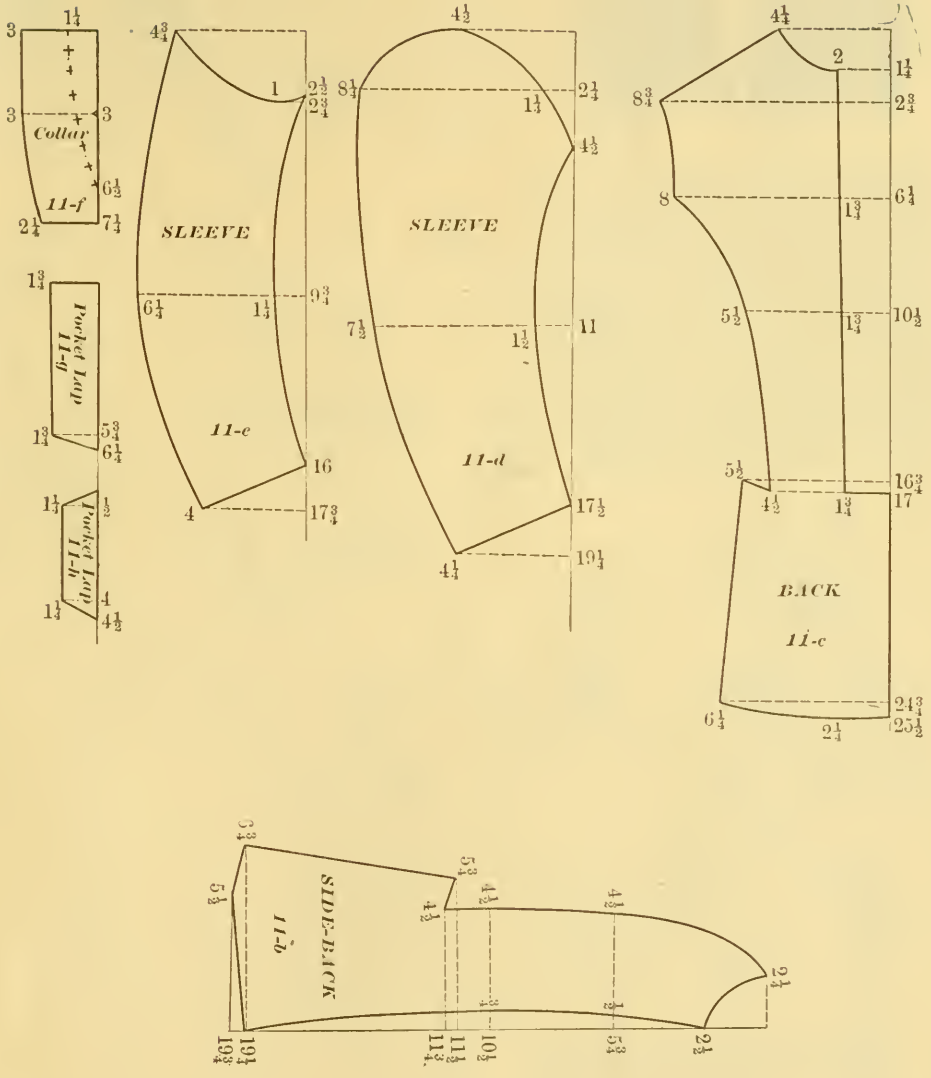
This pattern is layed off by the bust measure, and is in eight pieces—front, back, side-back, collar, two pocket laps and two sleeve portions. No special directions are needed for cutting it. All necessary instructions will be found in the general directions. It will be well to verify the length of the waist by the tape line and adjust accurately to the person for whom it is made, though change will seldom be found necessary. Cut the side-back with its waist line on a cross thread of the goods; cut the collar bias; cut the back with the back edge of its skirt and the other parts with the portions layed lengthwise of the goods; take up the darts exactly as located; close the seams of the two back pieces and that of their extra width turning the latter to the left in a pleat underneath; also fasten the extra width at the side back seams in a forward turning pleat underneath; join the widest ends of the collar and sew it to the neck, according to the notches and roll it and the front over at the line of stars in the pattern.

Cut the upper pocket in the left front only, and attach the small pocket lap; the larger lap is for the lower pocket, which may not be cut or inserted, unless so desired. Make up and attach the sleeve the same as directed in ladies' basque. If the garment is made of chevoit, face the collar and lappel with the material, contuining the facing down the front edges of the front underneath; finish with machine stitching; out-line a cuff with two rows of stitching above the buttons on the upper side in front of the under seam; place two buttons near the top of each side-back extra width; if preferred the edges may be bound, piped or under-faced. One-quarter inch is allowed for seams.

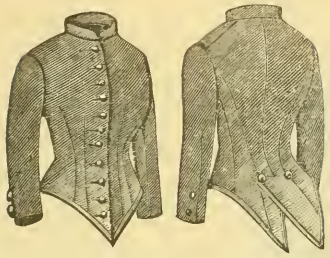
Quantity of material, 22 inches wide, 3¾ yards; 48 inch, 1⅞ yards; 54 inch, 1½ yards. No. buttons 14.



LADIES' CUT-AWAY COAT.--Continued.

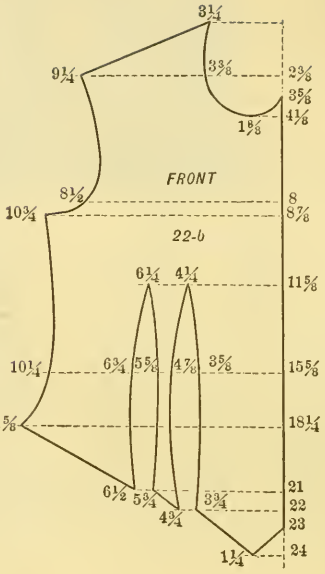


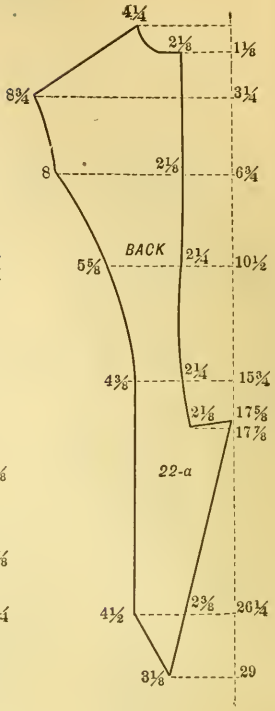
LADIDS' BASQUE.

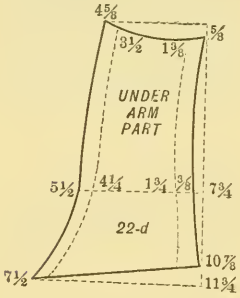


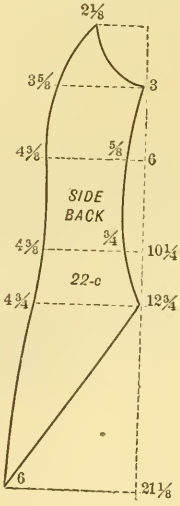
This garment is layed off by the bust measure, and in accordance with the general directions. The pattern is in six pieces, as follows: front, back, side-back, under-arm gore, collar and sleeve portion. Cut the collar with either end on a lengthwise fold of the goods to avoid a center seam. Cut the back, side-back and under-arm gore with the waist line on a crosswise thread of the goods. Cut the other parts lengthwise. After closing the seam in the back as far down as the extra width, arrange that of the right half over that of the left, tacking the top invisibly to its proper position. Close the seams of the sleeve, place the inside seam at the front of the armseye, holding the sleeve toward you while sewing it in and fasten the extra fullness in a pleat turning forward under the arm. The edges may be bound, under faced or finished in any preferred manner. Allowance is made for seams and hems.

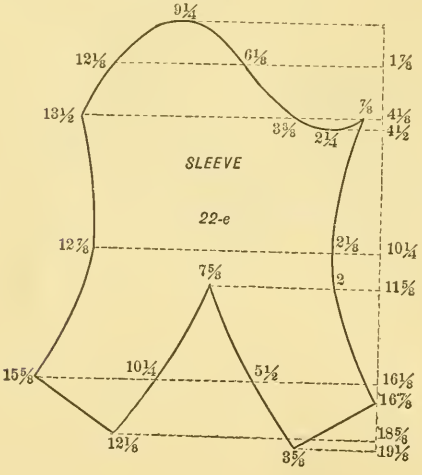
Quantity of material 22 inches wide, 3⅝ yds.
" " 48 " 1⅝ yds.







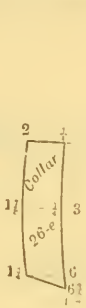


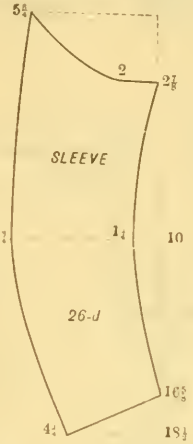


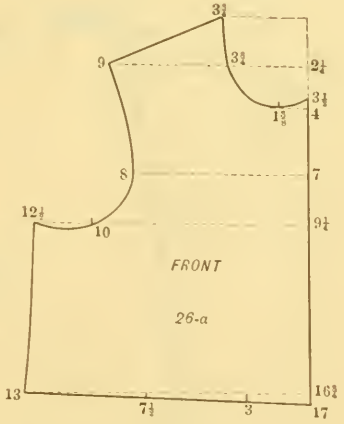
LADIES' SPENCER WAIST.

This garment is layed off by the bust measure, and in accordance with the general directions. It is cut in six pieces—front, back, collar, belt and two sleeve portions. But five pieces only are drawn; the belt which is but a straight piece of the goods of sufficient length and 2⅜ spaces wide, being left out. Cut the back with its back edge and the collar with the end layed off by upper measure line, lengthwise of the goods. Gather the back and each front accross the lower edge, the back between notches located by points marked 3¼ on its lowermost line, the front between points located at 3 and 7½, on its lowermost line, and also gather both again 2¾ spaces above the lower edge and immediately above the other gathers. Close the seams and attach the belt. Close the sleeve portion and turn up lower ends for cuffs. Close the front with buton-holes and buttons. If the shape of the sleeve pattern is not that desired, any other for ladies outer garments may be selected in its place.

Quantity of material: 22 inches wide, 2½ yards; 36 inches wide, 1⅜ yards; 48 inches wide, 1¼ yards.



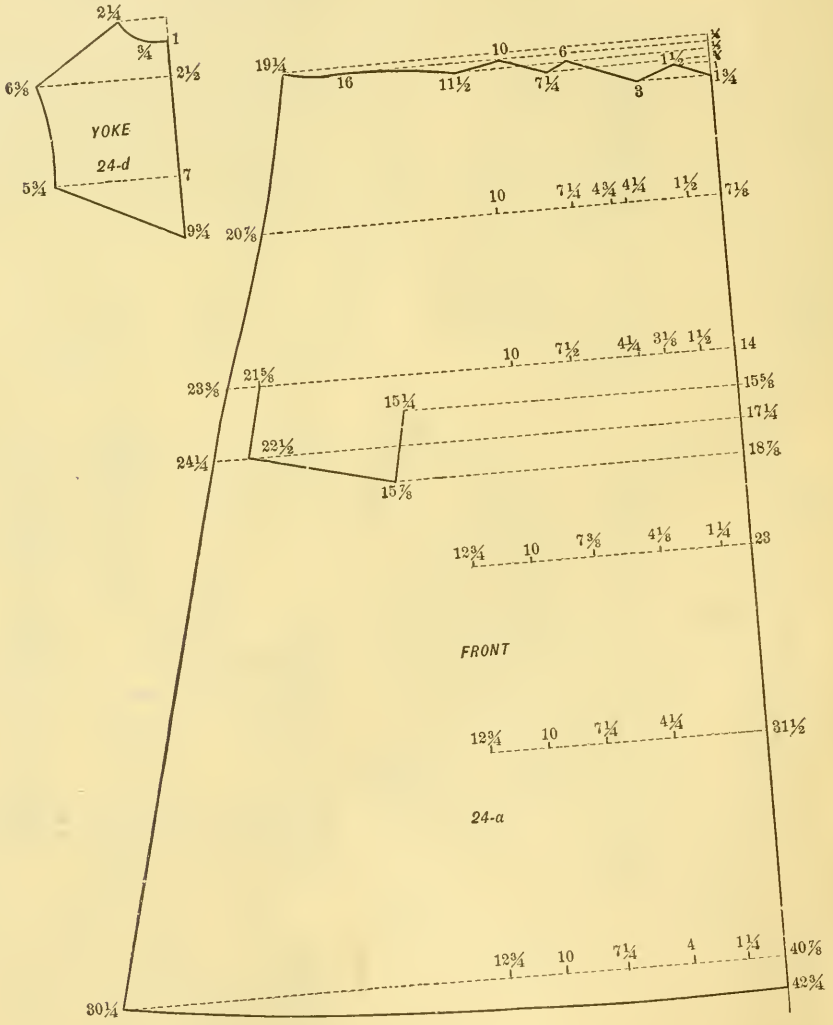




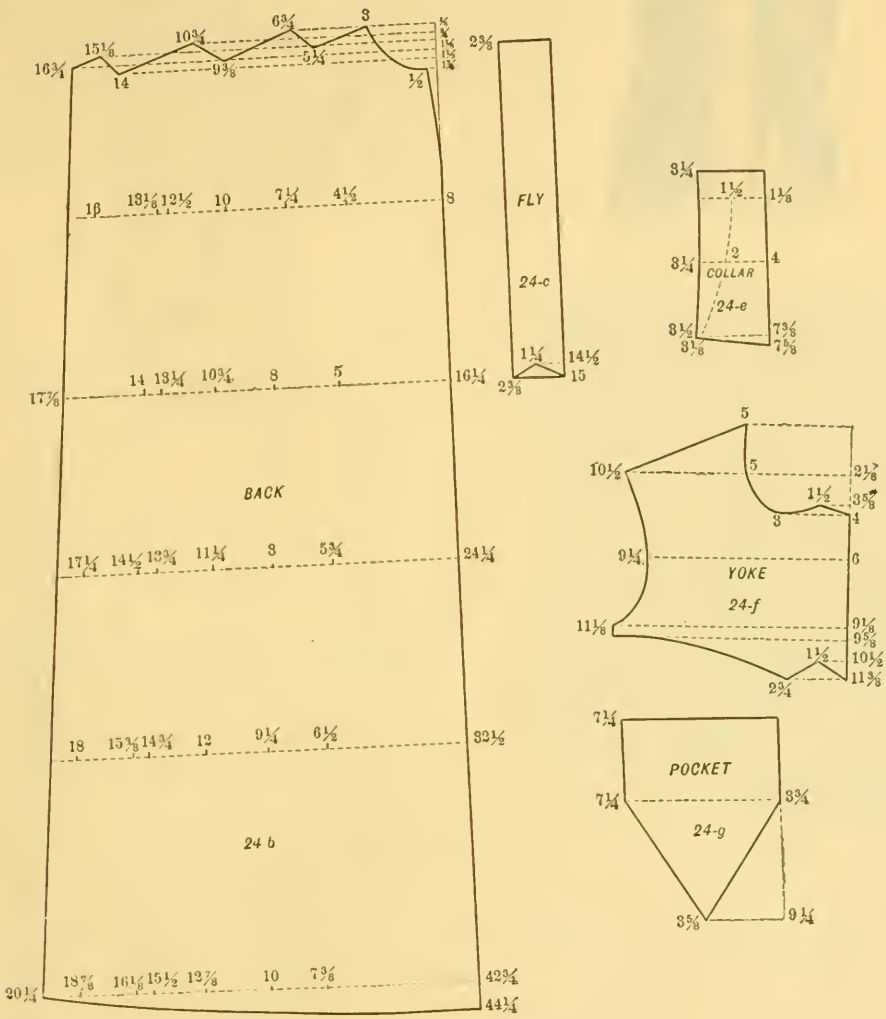
LADIES' WRAPPER.

This garment is layed off by the bust measure and in accordance with the general directions. It is in seven pieces as follows: front, back, front yoke, back yoke, collar, pocket and fly; the latter being used for buttons. The sleeves may be cut from those with any other pattern for ladies' garments. The figures as located on the diagrams, when not to lay off garments by show where pletes are to be layed. Cut the front with its front edge, the back with its back edge, the back yoke and fly with the longest straight edge of their respective patterns on a lengthwise fold of the goods, by so doing a center seam will be avoided. Cut the collar bias. Turn under each front yoke at the points marked 1½ for hem, make three box pletes in both the back and front as shown by the cut of upper ends, and crease them as indicated by the figures in diagrams. Attach the collar and roll it over as shown by curved dotted line. Attach the pocket as shown in diagram, turning the point downward for a lap. Close with buttons sewed onto the fly, which is to be attached to the undermost box pleat for that purpose. Trim with bows of ribbon at the throat, lower closing of yoke, at the top of slash in the sleeves and at the point of each pocket lap, or otherwise if desirable. All seams are allowed for.

Quantity of material—22 inches wide, 9⅜ yards; 36 inches wide, 5½ yards; 40 inches wide, 4 yards.



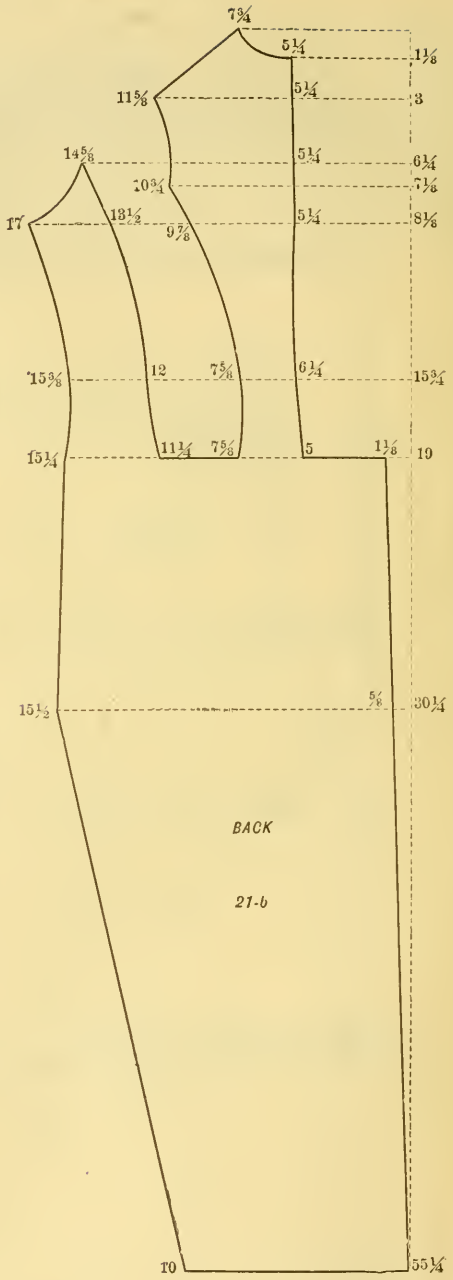
LADIES WRAPPER.--Continued.



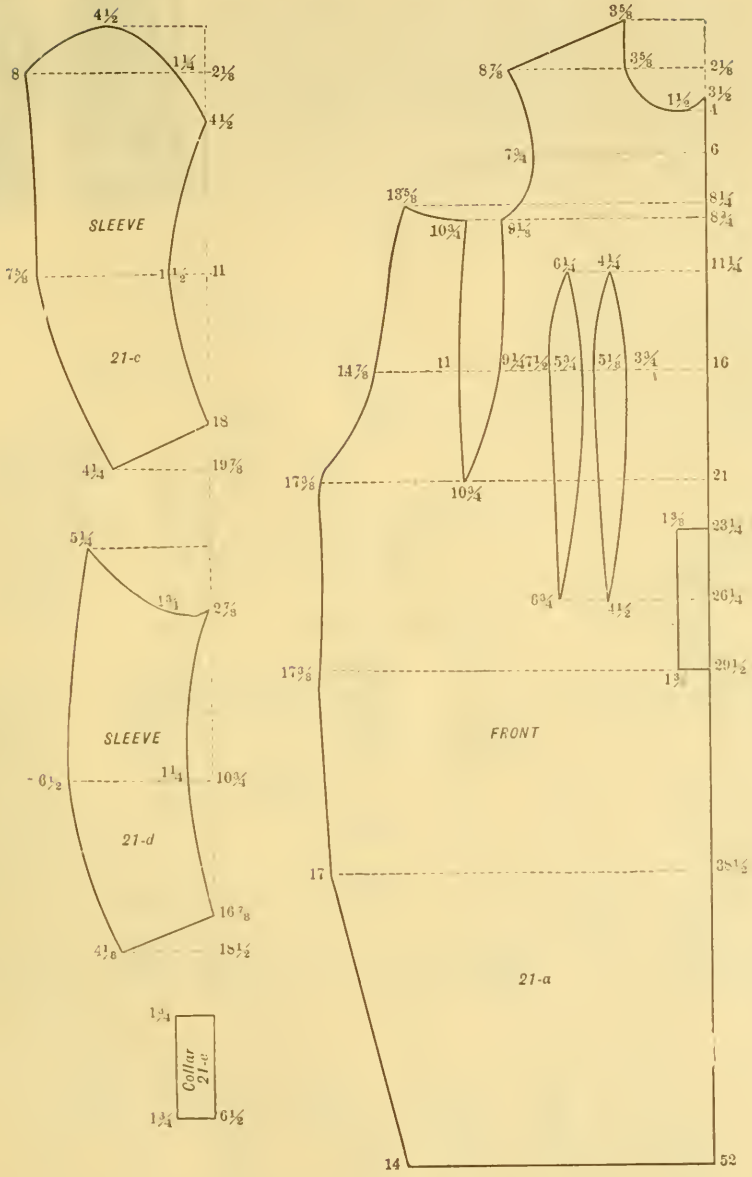
LADIES' POLANAISE.

This garment is layed out by the bust measure and in accordance with the general directions. It is in five pieces, as follows: back and side-back in one, front, collar and two sleeve portions. Cut the back with the back edge of its skirt and the collar with either end on a lengthwise fold of the goods, to avoid a center seam, cut all other parts lengthwise. Turn under the front edge of each front skirt to the point marked 1⅜ and that of the body portion of the right front to the point marked 1½ for hems. In the back edge of each front make four upward turning pleats, the lower one to be at the measure line located by 29½ and the others between that line and the one next above, make four corresponding pleats in each back portion where it joins to the front. Close the seam in the back and fasten the extra fullness at its termination in a box pleat underneath, also fasten the extra width at each side-back seam in a backward turning pleat underneath. Underface the front edge of the body portion of the left front. Make a row of shirring along the center front seam and arrange a stay under it. The garment may be trimmed to suit the fancy of the maker.

Quantity of material—22 inches wide, 7¼ yards; 48 inches wide, 3⅜ yards.



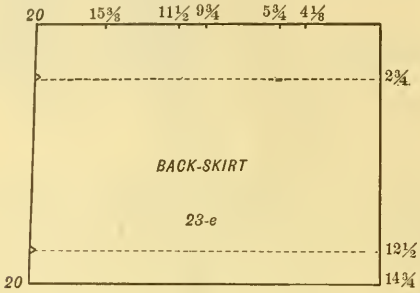
LADIES' POLANAISE.--Continued.

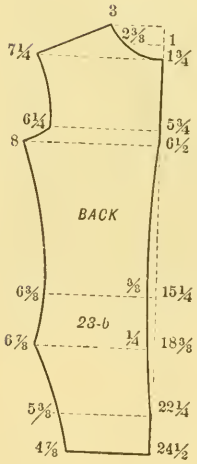


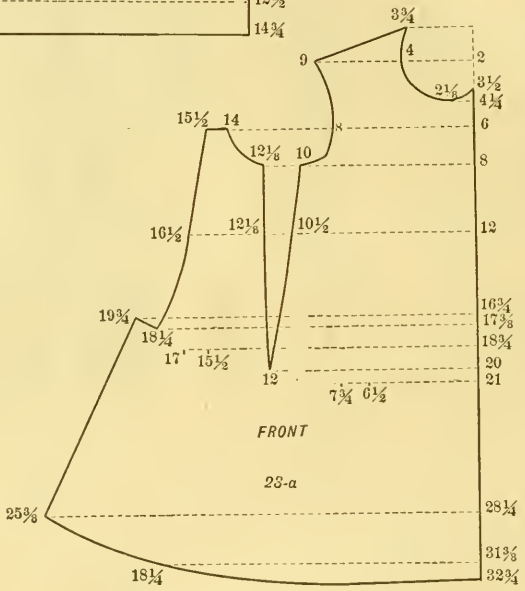
GIRL'S COSTUME.

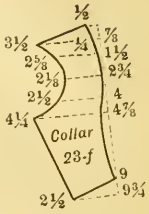
This garment is layed off by the bust measure, and in accordance with the general directions. It is in eight pieces, as follows: front, back, backskirt, collar, two ornamental pieces, and the two parts of the sleeve. Cut the backskirt with the edge of the pattern, located by its base line, and the collar with the line running from 2¼ to 4¼ on a lengthwise fold of the goods, to avoid center seams. Cut the ornamental portions with their crosslines of measurement, and the other portions with the pattern layed lengthwise of the goods. Turn under the right front to the point marked 2½ for a hem, and underface the left front a trifle further. In the top of the backskirt make three pleats on each side, all turning toward the center; attach the largest ornamental portion to the front, with the corner marked 4 on the base line, at the point marked 6¼ on the front and its upper edge, when in that position joined to the front at 7¼ place, the narrowest end of the second ornamental portion under the back end of the other, and join it to the front as shown by figures 15¼ and 17 in diagram. Attach the collar by means of a bias strip of the goods, placing its center at center seam in the back. Prepared trimming may be used. All seams and hems allowed.

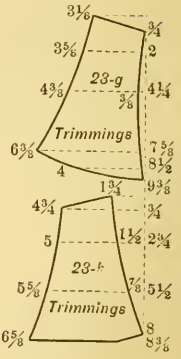
Quantity of material—22 inches wide, 3⅞ yards; 36 inches wide, 2⅛ yards; 48 inches wide, 1½ yards.

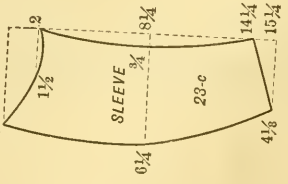


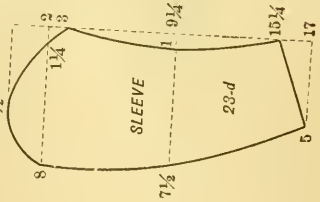








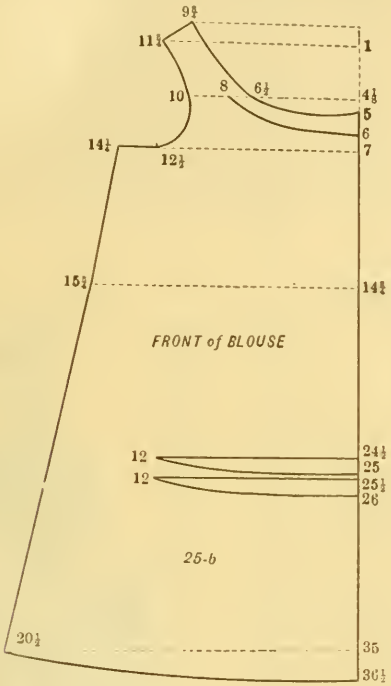


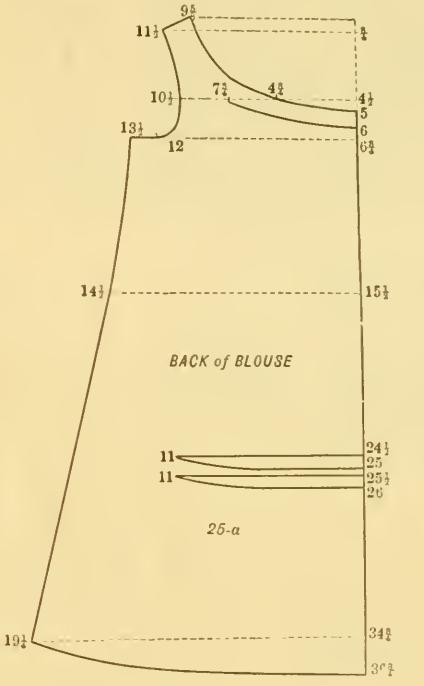


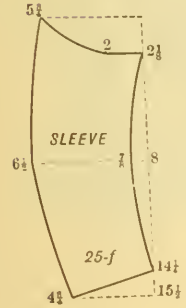
CHILD'S BLOUSE COSTUME.

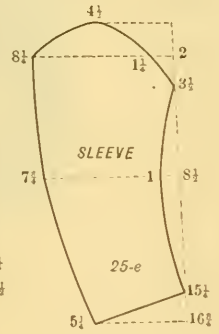
This garment is layed off by the bust measure and in accordance with the general directions. It is cut in nine pieces—front, back, and two sleeve portions for the under part, and the front, back, button stand and two stays for the blouse. But the button stand, which is 3½ spaces wide and 18¾ spaces long, and the two stays, which are each 1¾ spaces wide and 12 spaces long, being nearly straight strips of the goods, are left out of the engravings. Cut the blouse back with its back edge, the blouse front and front part of under garment with the front edge of each layed on a lengthwise fold of the goods. Slash the blouse back down within two spaces of the points where it is to be gathered. Cut the back of under portion with its back edge layed lengthwise of the goods. Turn under the right back of the undergarment at the figure 2 in the top and bottom for a hem, and underface the left back as far forward as the figure 2½. Baste the garment, under portion and blouse respectively. Shir the front and back of the blouse at the lines shown by figures 6, 25 and 26½ on the base line of front, and figures 6, 25 and 26 on the base line of back portions, making a similar shirring midway between each top and the first row below, and also one midway between the other rows. Sew one edge of the button stand to the left edge of the opening in the blouse back, and fell the opposite edge over the seam in the under edge. Underface the right edge of opening, and arrange the button stand under it. Arrange one stay under the lower cluster of shirring in front, and the under stay under the lower cluster of shirring in the back. Draw the shirring to fit these stays and tack them to position. Fit by drawing the shirring at the neck as closely as necessary. After fitting and arranging all parts evenly, tack the blouse through the lower shirring to the under portion of the garment. Tie a ribbon around each shoulder seam of the blouse. Tack the pleated end of a ribbon. Tie to the front on each end of the lower shirring, and arrange the ties in a bow over the back. Trim neck of garment with embroidery or any other preferred decoration.

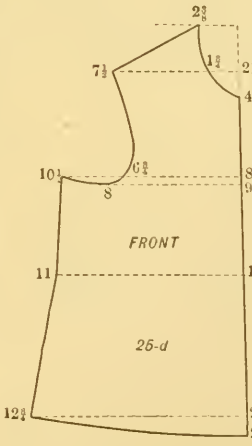
Material 22 inches wide, 2¾ yards; 36 inches wide, 1¾ yards; 48 inches wide, 1¼ yards. Lining, 36 inches wide, ⅝ yards.

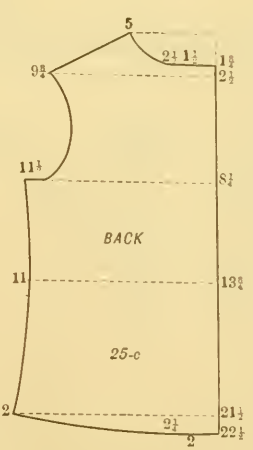








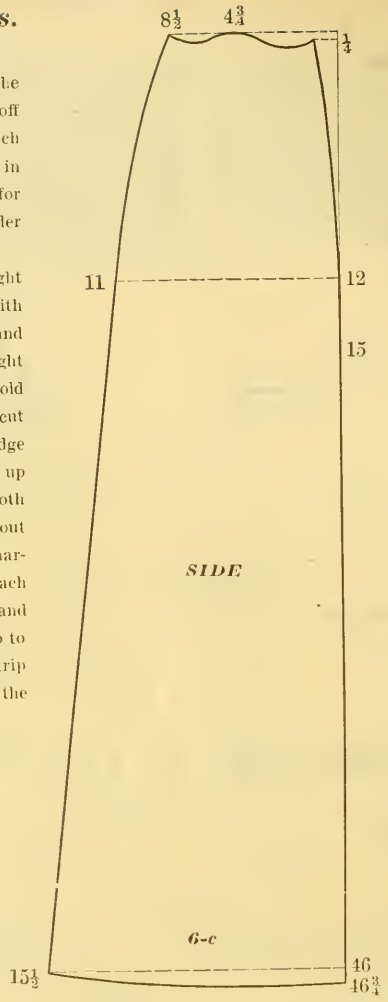


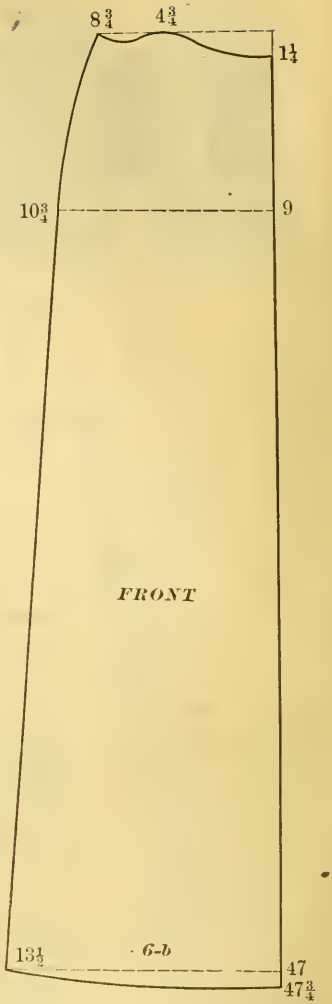


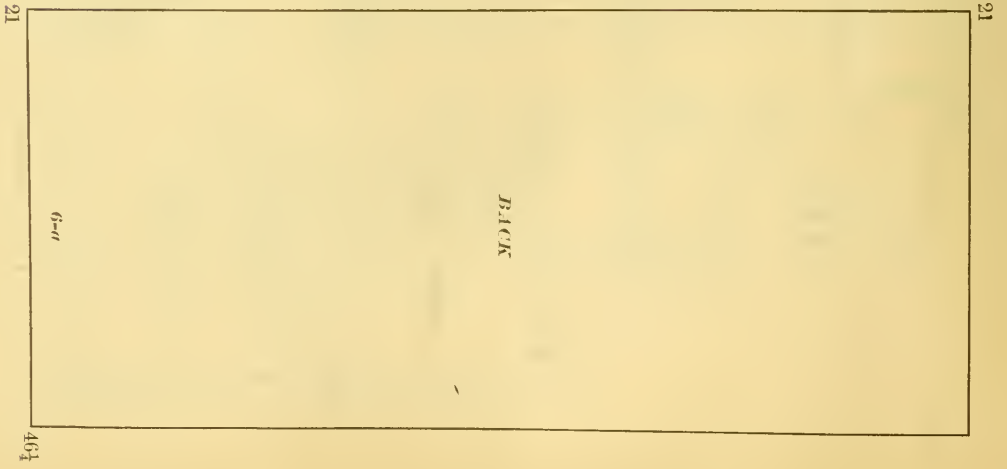
Ladies' Plain Skirts.

This pattern is in three parts—the front, back and side—and is layed off with the scale, the number of which corresponds with the waist measure in inches. All necessary instiuctions for cutting the pattern will be found under the head of general directions.

The back widths are perfectly straight and their length can be regulated with the tape line. Cut the front gore and back breadth with the longest straight edge of each layed on a lengthwise fold of the goods to avoid center seams; cut the side gore with the straight edge layed lengthwise of the goods; take up a pleat in the center of the top of both the front and side pieces equal to about one-third the width of each at its narrowest point, fasten the top of each pleat only; join the parts properly and gather the back breadth at the top to fit the belt, which is simply a plain strip of length sufficient to fasten around the waist and width to suit.







MISSES' COSTUME.

BASQUE.

This pattern is laid off by the bust measure and in accordance with the general directions. It is in seven pieces—back and side back in one front, under arm gore, cape, collar, and two sleeve portions. Cut the back with the back edge of the skirt, the collar with its shortest edge, and the cape with the end nearest the darts, layed on a lengthwise fold of the goods to avoid a center seam. Cut the under arm gore with its waist line layed on a cross thread of the goods. Cut all other parts lengthwise. Take up the darts exactly as located. Close the back seam and fasten the extra widths in a box-plait underneath. Also fasten the extra width in the side back seams in a backward turning plait underneath. If any alteration is necessary in the cape make it in the darts. Sew the collar to the neck with its center at the center seam in the back, and turn it up, felling its lining over the seam. Underface the neck edge of the cape and fasten it above the neck with ribbon ties. On the upper side of the sleeve place five buttons in front of the outside seam, also place a button at the top of each side back extra width. The garment may be finished either with stitching or the edges may be bound, piped or underfaced. After putting the rest of the garment together and last before finishing, put in the sleeve with its front seam about one inch in front of the under arm seam in the basque. Hold the sleeve toward you while sewing it in and fasten the extra fullness in a plait turning forward under the arm. Regulate its length by adding to or taking from the wrists.

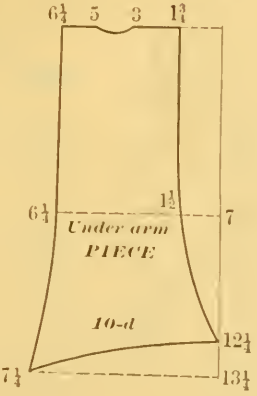
One-fourth inch is allowed for seams.

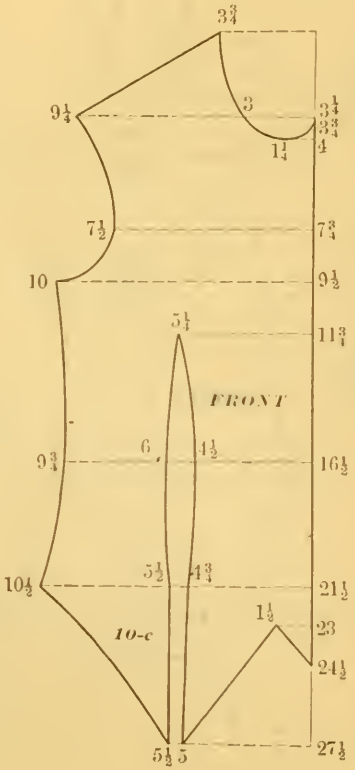
Quantity of material 22 inches wide, 4½ yards.
" " 36 " " 2¾ "
" " 48 " " 2¼ "

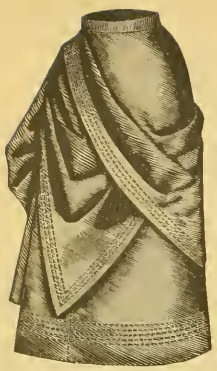
Number of buttons, 28.

WALKING SKIRT.

The pattern for this garment consists of five pieces, three of which (the underskirt) are to be found under the head of "Plain Skirt" elsewhere, the other two make up the drapery and consist of a front and back piece. It is all to be layed off by the waist measure, the length being regulated with a tape line. The parts are notched to prevent mistake in putting together. Cut the back drapery with its plain straight edge on a lengthwise fold of the goods, the front with its longest straight edge lengthwise of the goods, cutting two pieces off the latter. Also cut a belt lengthwise of the goods of length to fit and width to suit the wearer.



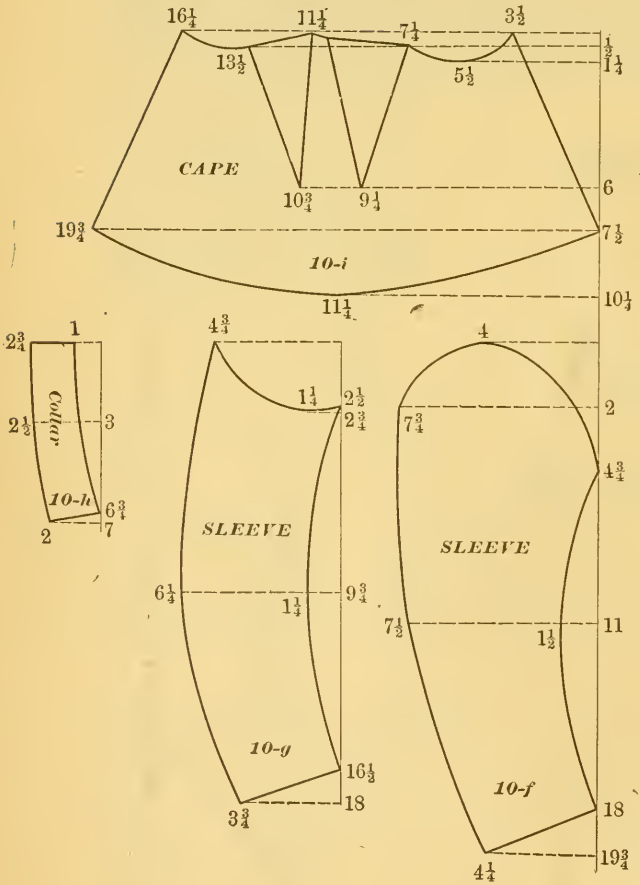


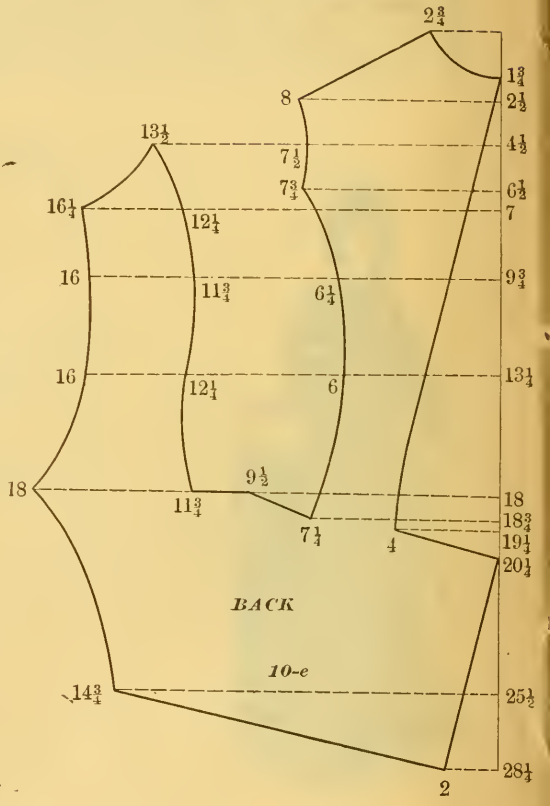


WALKING SKIRT.—Continued.

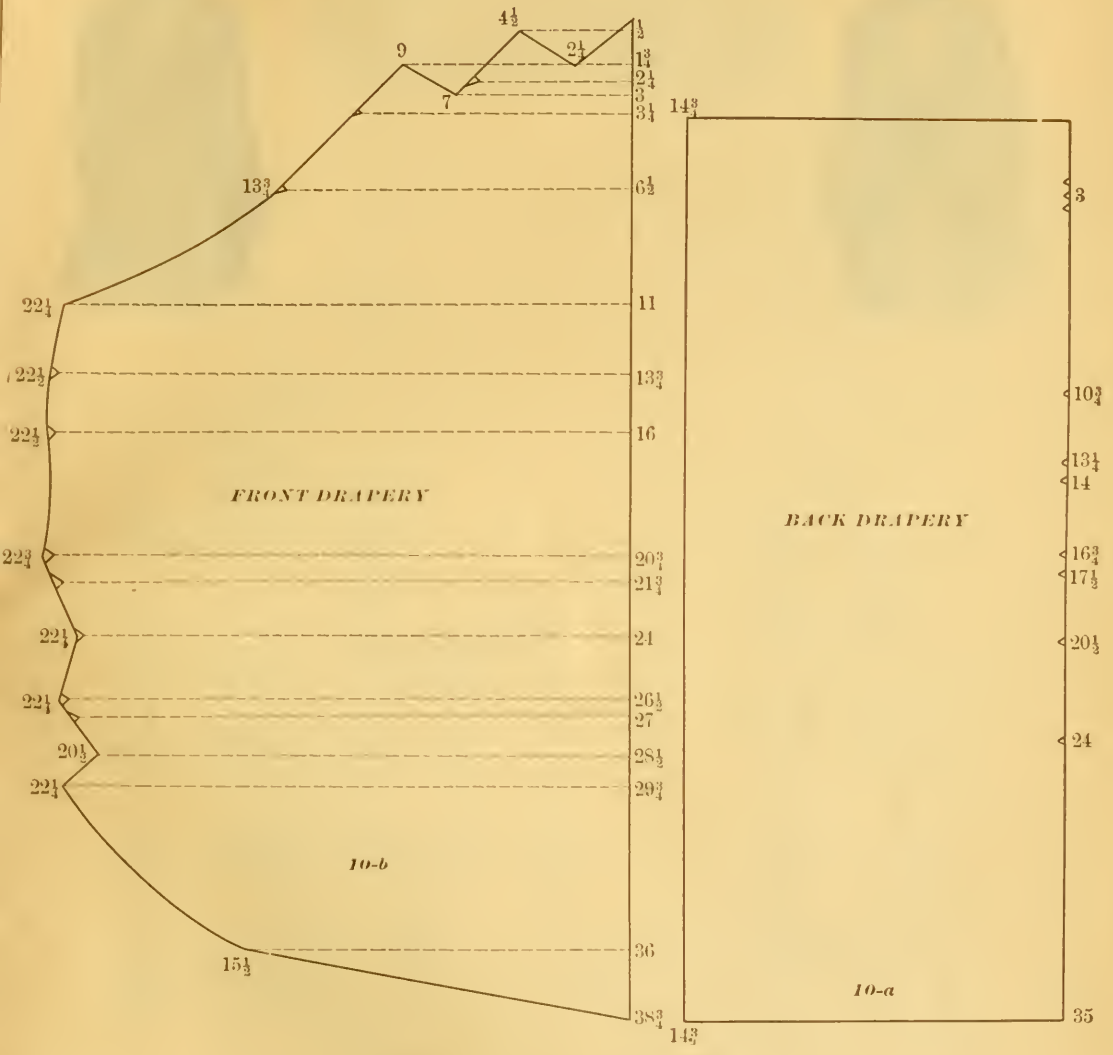
In each front drapery make two pleats turning backward according to the single notches in the top, and three turning upwards according to the single notches in the back edge. Also make three downward turning pleats in each side edge of the back drapery according to the six notches nearest to the lowest one, lap the left front drapery over the right so as to bring the corresponding double notches in their upper edges together. Arrange the draperies over their respective skirt portions and close the side-back seams, leaving the back drapery loose below the lowest notch. Gather the back of the back breadth and back drapery and sew on the belt. Sew tapes underneath to the side-back seams to draw the fullness backward. The skirt may be finished or trimmed in any way either with stitching, or if prefered, ruffles or pleating may trim the skirt, and bands of velvet, satin, silk, or any contrasting material may border the drapery edges. Allowance of one-fourth inch is made for seams.

[Quantity of material: 22 inches wide, 8⅞ yards; 48 inches wide, 4½ yards.





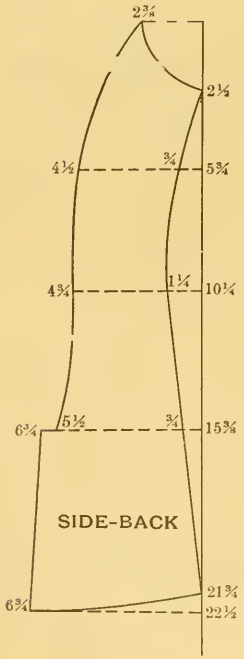
MISSES' COSTUME.--Continued.

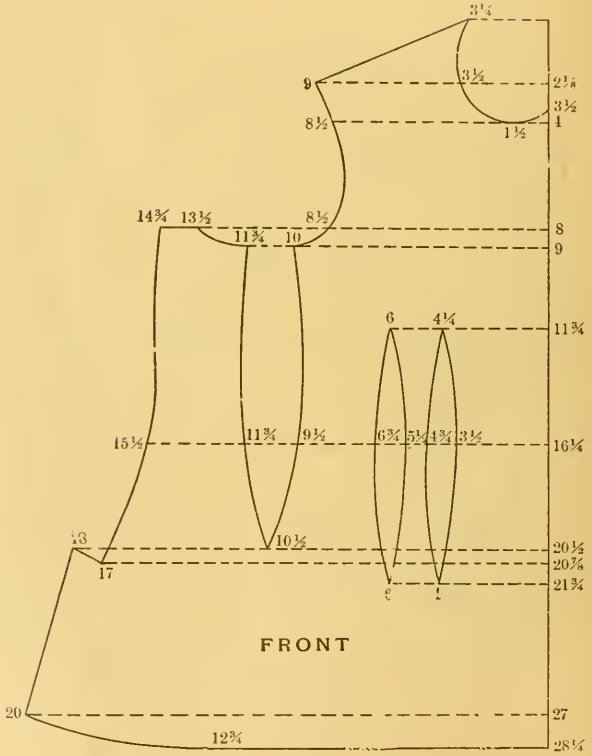


LADIES' BASQUE.

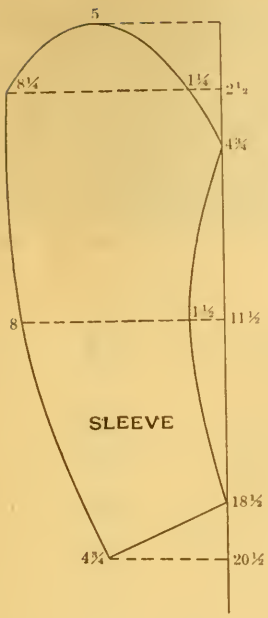
This pattern is layed off by the bust measure and in accordance with the general directions. It is in six pieces—front, back, side-back, collar and two sleeve portions. In cutting the material place the narrow end of the collar on a crosswise fold of the goods to avoid a center seam. Cut all the other parts lengthwise. Any material desired may be used, and the garment may be finished to suit the fancy.

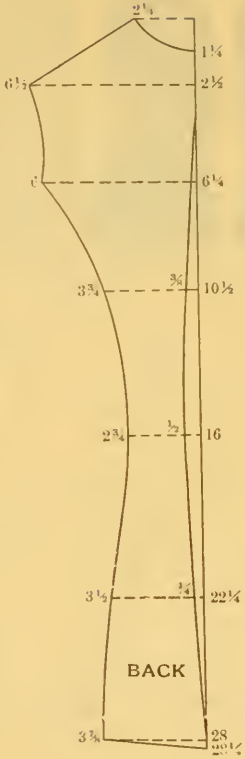
Quantity of material, 48 inches wide, 2½ yards; 22 inches wide, 4 yards.

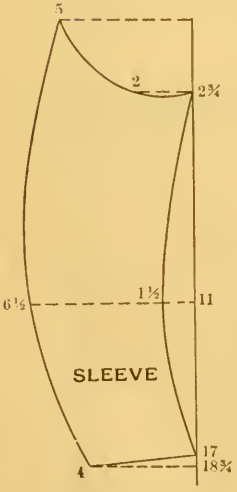




LADIES' BASQUE.--Continued.





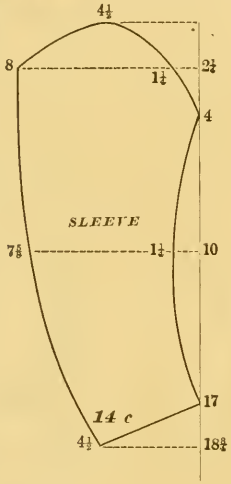


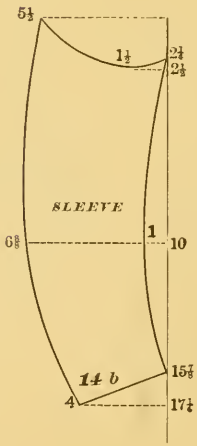
GIRLS' GABRIELLE.

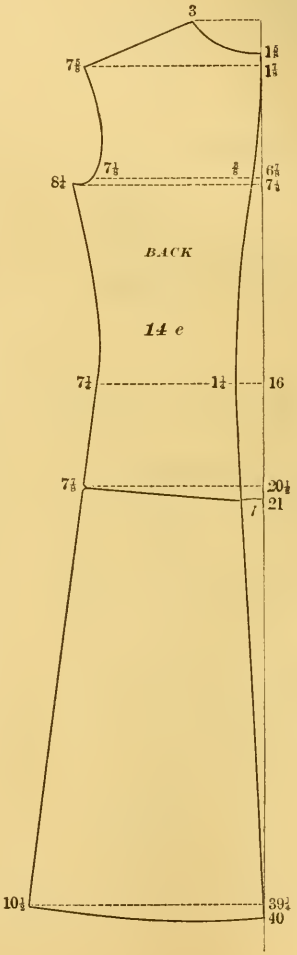
This pattern is layed off by the bust measure and in accordance with the general directions. The pattern is in seven pieces—front, back, skirt, pleated collar, strap and two sleeve portions. The sash is a straight piece of the goods 40 spaces long and 10 spaces wide. Cut the skirt of the garment with the shortest straight edge of the corresponding pattern and the collar with one end layed on a lengthwise fold of the goods.

Cut the back with its waist-line on a crosswise thread of the goods. Cut the other parts lengthwise, cutting four straps and two sash portions, turning under about two spaces of the latter for a hem. Take up the darts exactly as located. Lay the skirt in three double-box pleats. Locate the straps by placing its straight end on the line shown in the pattern therefor, turning the pointed end up and finishing it with a button. Slip the sash under and fasten in position with its seam at that in the back. Tie the sash in a bow in the center of front. Put in sleeve with the notch in the top at the shoulder seam in the body. The collar is fastened in box-pleating at the line shown on pattern. Close the front with button holes and buttons. If the garment is made of ladies' cloth the sash may be made of surah silk, and the sleeves decorated with a like material. Any alteration may be made in length by adding or taking from the bottom. One-fourth inch is allowed for seams. Any material may be used.

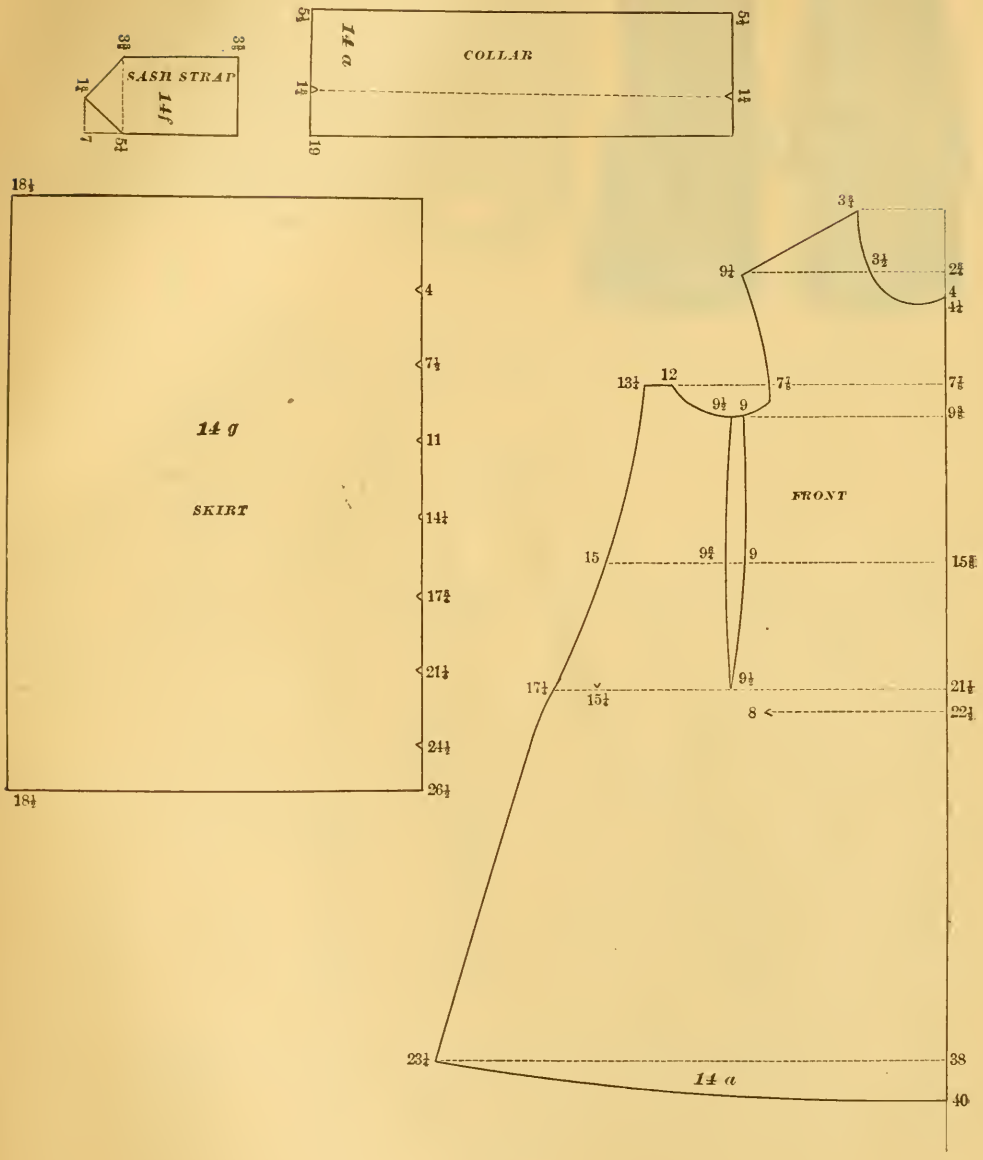
Quantity of material: 22 inches wide, 5½ yds; 48 inches wide, 2⅝ yds; quantity silk for sash, 20 inches wide, 1¼ yds.







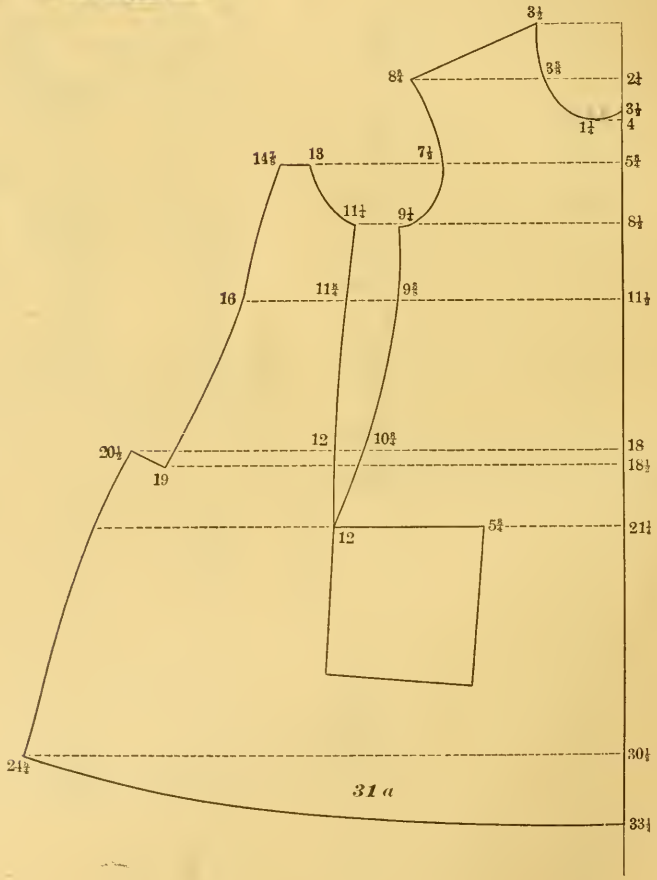
GIRLS' GABRIELLE.--Continued.



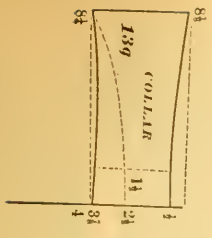
MISSES' CLOAK

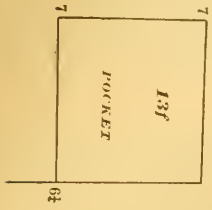
Lay off all parts of this pattern by the bust measure and as directed in the general directions. No alteration from the diagram will be found neccessary, unless length does not suit, in that case it can be regulated by the tape line. The pattern is in seven pieces—front, back, collar, cape, pocket and two sleeve portions. Cut the back of the garment with the back edge of corresponding pattern, layed on a lengthwise fold of the goods. Cut the collar bias. Cut the cape with the front edge and the other parts with patterns layed lengthwise of the goods. In taking up the darts place the marks locating them exactly opposite. The notches located will show how the garment goes together. Put the sleeve in so that the notch at the top will be exactly at the shoulder seam in the body. Turn under one-fourth of an inch on the back edge of each cape portion down to point where the line changes its direction, and after placing in position stitch firmly to body of garment as shown in engraving. The garment may be finished to suit. If made of light material two rows of machine stitching on all the edges is preferable. All seams allowed in cutting.

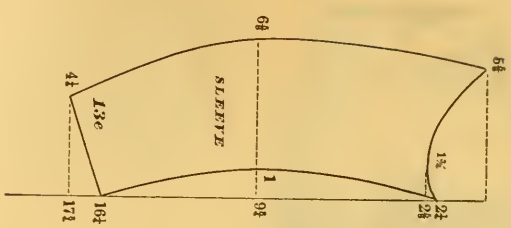
Quantity of material. 27 inches wide, 4¾ yards; 48 inches wide, 2⅝ yards; 54 inches wide, 2⅜ yards.

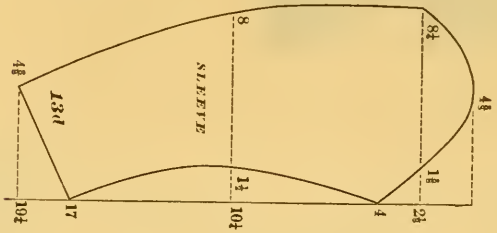


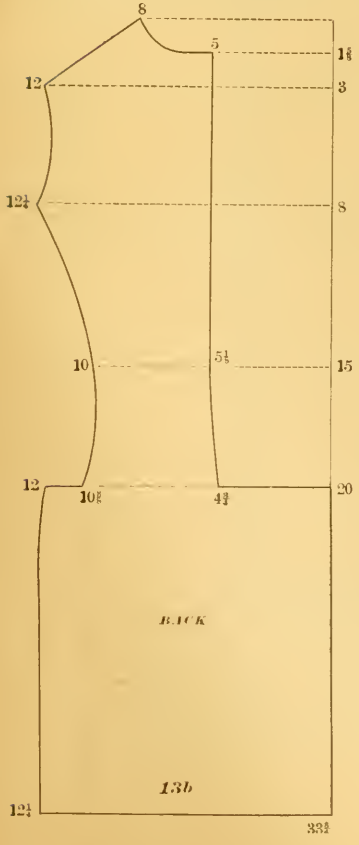
MISSES' CLOAK.--Continued.

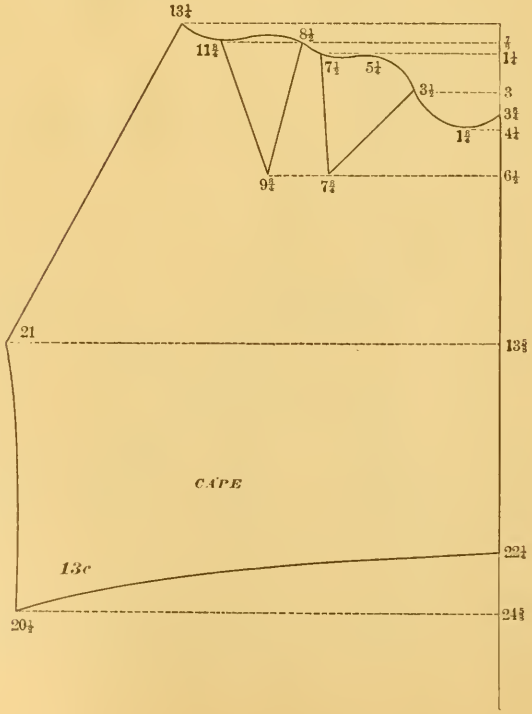








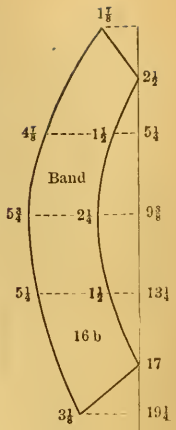




LADIES' DRAWERS.

This pattern is laid off by the waist measure and in accordance with the general directions. It is in two pieces, body and band. In cutting the goods lay the pattern carefully lengthwise of the goods, and the band on a straight fold of the goods. Close the seam of the leg as shown by notches leaving front and back seam of the body open, and in making up neatly face them with the material. The backs of the garment over-lap about one inch at the top. Gather the top evenly and attach to the band, fastening the front securely with buttons. One-fourth inch is allowed for seams.

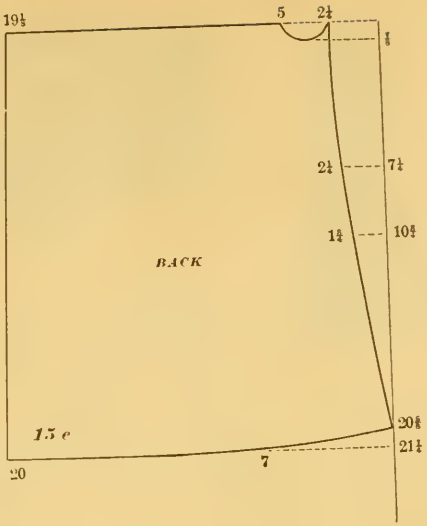
Quantity of material, 36 inches wide, 2 yards.

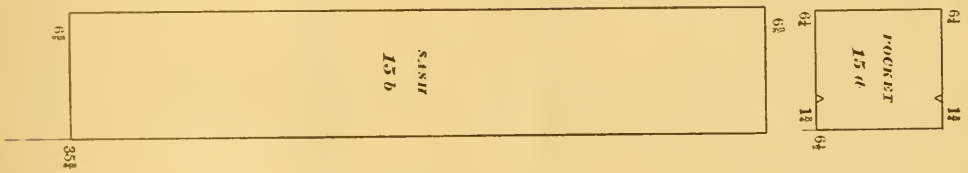


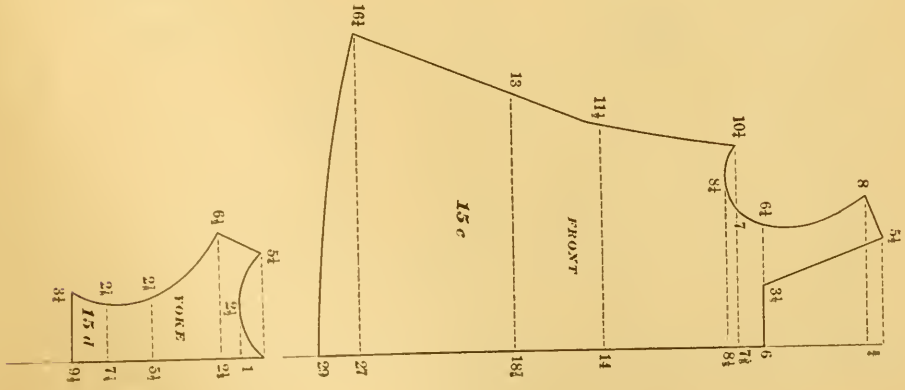
GIRLS' APRON.

This pattern is laid off by the bust measure and in accordance with the general directions. This pattern is in five pieces—front, back, yoke, pocket and sash. In cutting the goods, place the center of the front of pattern on a fold and the back of the body and yoke on the edge of the goods. Gather across the top of the back and join it to the yoke from one end of each portion of the sash and insert it in the under arm seam as shown by notches. Turn a lap on the pocket and attach it in proper place. Any style of trimming may be used. One inch is allowed on shoulder and under arm seams; one-fourth inch on all others.

Quantity of material, 36 inches wide, 1¾ yards.



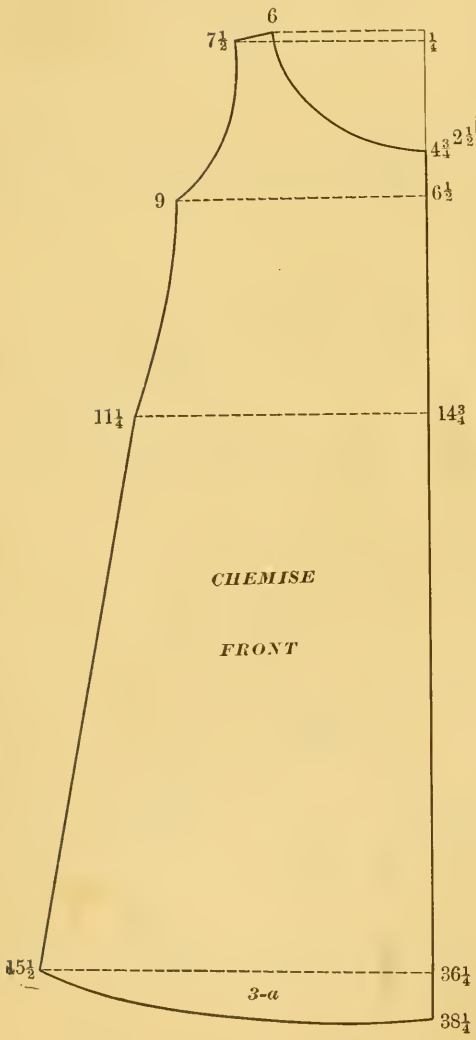


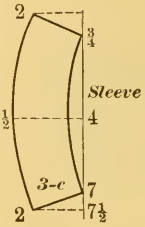


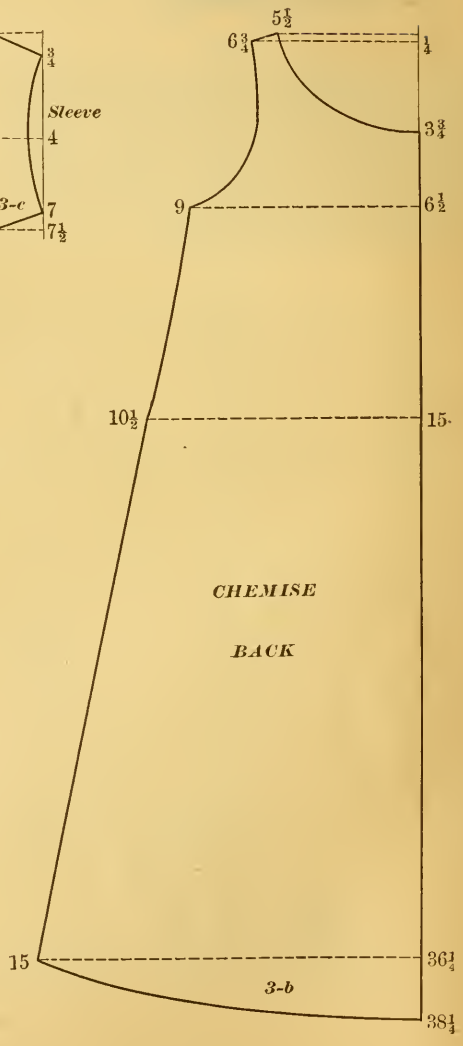
LADIES' PLAIN CHEMISE.

This pattern is laid off by the bust measure and consists of three pieces—the front (widest piece), back and sleeve. Cut the goods with the straight edge of both front and back laid on a lengthwise fold, thus avoiding seams in the center. Cut the sleeves with the nearest square edge on the same kind of a fold and for the same purpose. In making up put in the sleeve with its seam at the under arm seam; hem the bottom and finish the neck and sleeves with Hamburg edging and insertion, or lace, if preferred. Allowance of one-fourth inch is made for seams.

Quantity of material, 36 inches wide, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards.
" insertion to trim, 2 yards.
" edging to trim, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards.





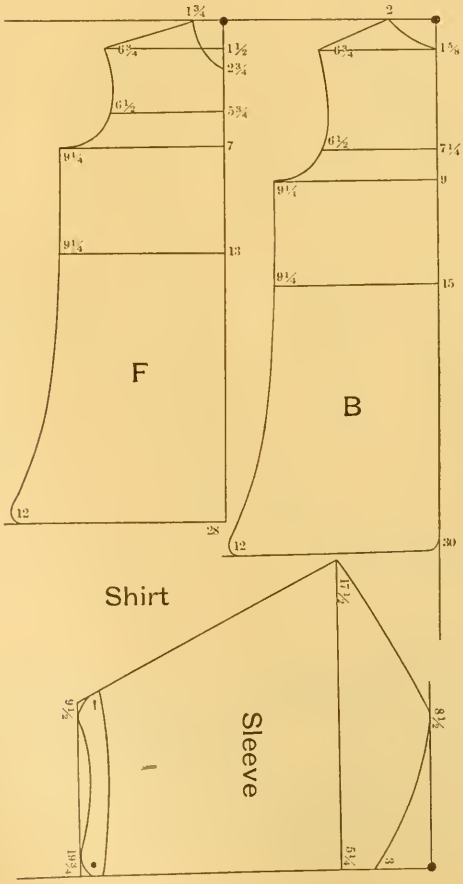


LADIES' CIRCULAR.

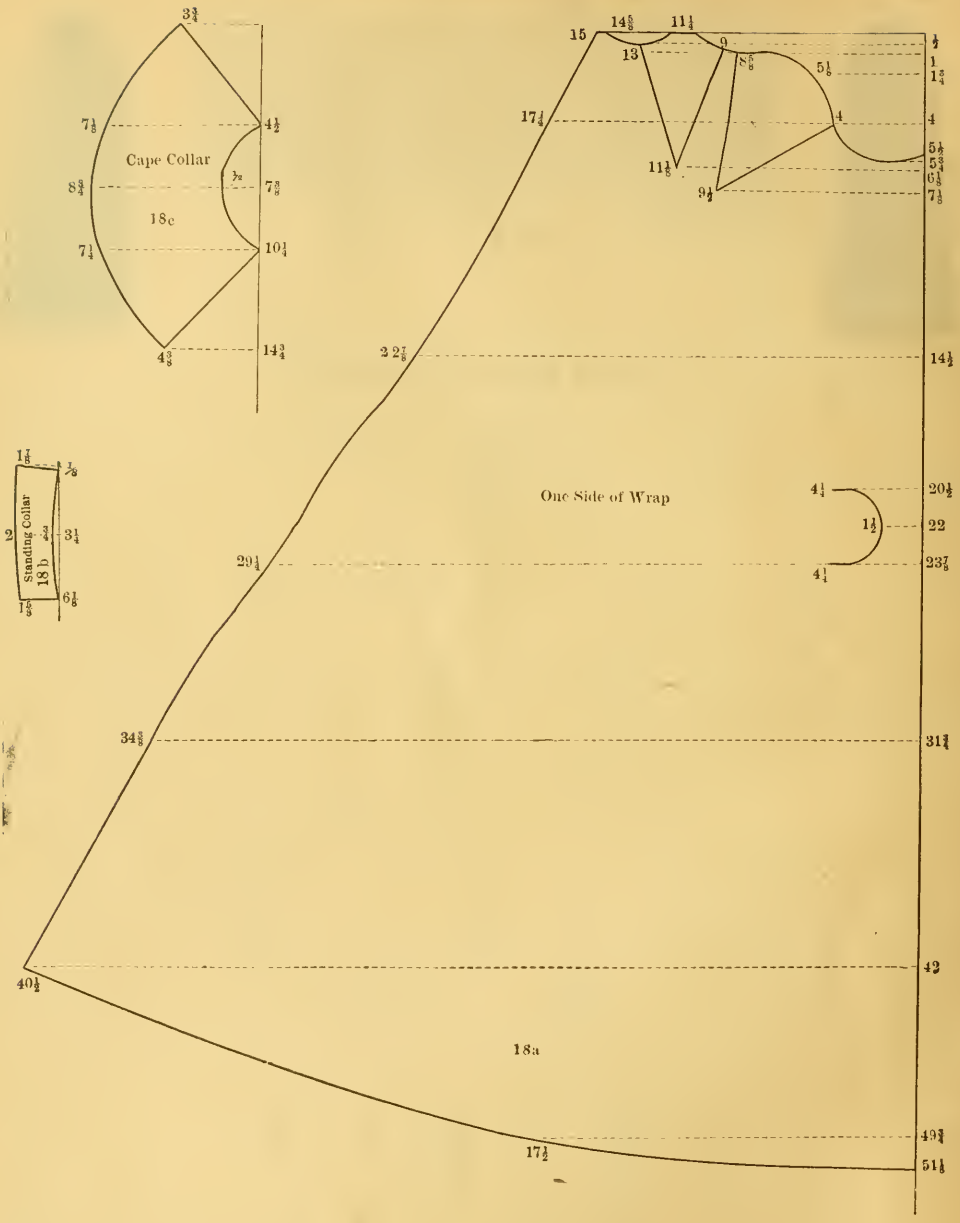
This pattern is laid off by the bust measure and in accordance with the general directions, and is in three pieces: wrap, cape-collar and standing collar. Cut the standing collar with its widest end laid on a lengthwise fold of the goods. Cut the wrap with its front edge laid lengthwise of the goods. Cut the cape-collar laid crosswise of the goods. Cut two pockets to cover places for them as marked on the pattern, and attach them on under side of the garment. The garment may be made of any material suitable for wraps. If fancy goods it should be finished with machine stitching only. If other goods, and it is so desired, it can be finished with broad bands of plush or fur and a lining of durola on any prepared material, added. Length may be regulated to suit the fancy. Allowance of one-quarter inch is made for seams. Close at top with a single clasp.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 5 yards.
" " 48 " " 2½ "
" " 54 " " 2¼ "

MENS' OR BOYS' SHIRT.



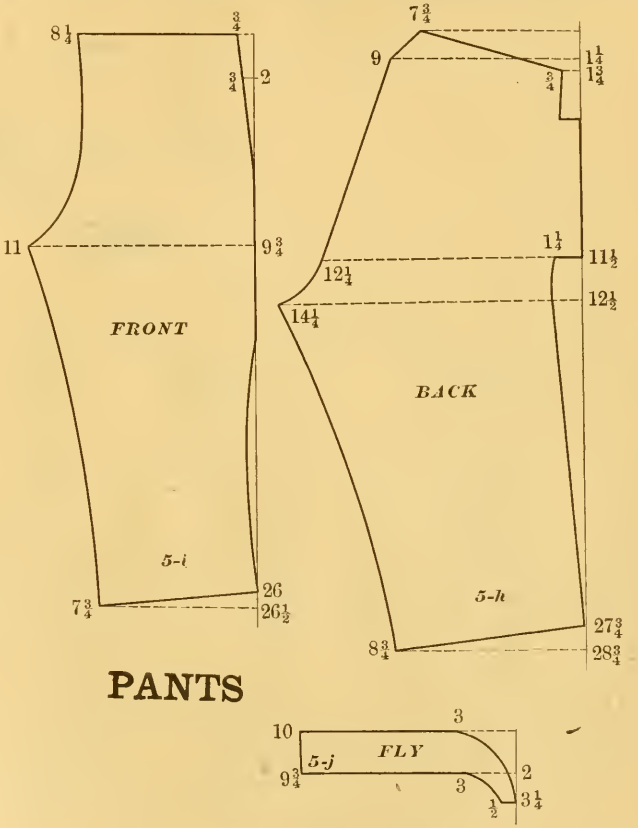
LADIES' CIRCULAR.--Continued.



BOYS' COSTUME.

This costume is suitable for a boy from six to ten years old. The coat and vest are both laid off by the breast measure and in accordance with the general directions.

The coat is in five pieces—front, back, collar and two sleeve portions. Cut the collar bias; cut all other parts lengthwise. Cut the pocket openings as located, cutting the upper one in the left front only, the others in each front. The appearance of the coat may be greatly improved by putting in a small change pocket in the right front, only a little above the lower pocket and close to the front edge, cutting it with a curve to match the others. Insert pockets and bind the edges of the pocket openings with braid. Stay each corner of all the pockets with a bar tuck made in "over and over" stitch. Lap the left extra width in the lower part of the back over the right. Sew the sleeve into the coat in such a position that the front seam is directly over the back corner of the upper pocket; hold the sleeve toward you while putting it in and if any fullness gather it slightly under the arm. Join the straight ends of the collar and attach it to the neck with its seam exactly at the center seam in the back of the coat, taking care not to draw the cloth while putting it in, turn it and front over where it will most readily lay. Cover the collar with the material, carrying the latter down the front edge of the front in a strip about three inches wide to form a facing. Sew buttons to the right front and work button holes in the left. The coat may be finished with binding on the edges faced, turned slightly under together, and stitched at pleasure. Finish the sleeves with buttons. The length



PANTS

of sleeves may be regulated the same as for a basque.

Quantity of material 27 inches wide in coat, 2¾ yards.

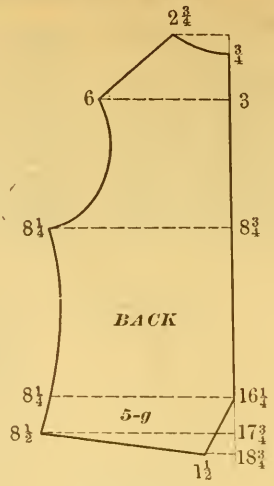
The VEST pattern consists of two pieces front and back. Cut the back with its longest edge on a lengthwise fold of the goods to avoid a center seam; it is best made of Silesia. Cut the other parts lengthwise; cut pocket openings as located. Insert pockets and sew machine stitched welts to the lower edge of the openings, then turn the welts up and sew them in place; underface the front and lower edges with the material; make the straps the desired width by folding a piece the proper length in three thicknesses, widest at one end so the strap will taper; turn under the outward edge of it and stitch both sides and across the narrow ends. Sew the buttons to the right front and work holes in the left. Close the straps with a buckel and make it of the same material as back. Finish the vest in the same manner as the coat, that is with braid or machine stitching. Only one-fourth inch is allowed in both coat and vest for seams.

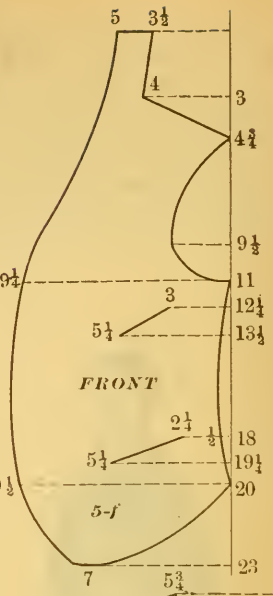
Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, ¾ yard.

" Silesia, 36 " " ½ "

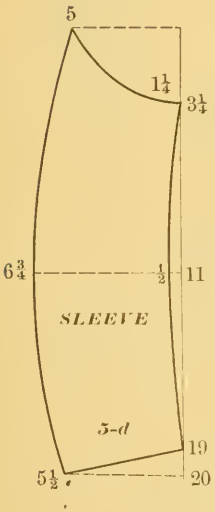
The PANTS may be made of the same or different material. The pattern is cut by the waist measure and laid off in accordance with the general directions. It is in three pieces—the front, back and fly. Cut all the parts lengthwise, the pockets are to be put into the side seam and made of sufficient width to readily admit the hand, the upper end terminating within about two inches of the top. Close the outside seam first then turn both its edges forward, lap the

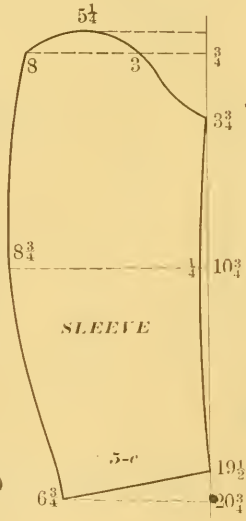
front backward a trifle farther than it is thrown by reversing the seam and stitch it down with two rows of stitching, which should be continued over the front of the pocket after it has been faced; the extra width on the back forms the back facing, and is to be felled down to the pocket. Secure the corners of the pockets in the same way as directed for those in the coat. If desired the upper part may be faced with some fancy material, and the pants lined with silesia. Sew on suspender buttons, the latter closed with a buckle. The length may be regulated with the tape and the buttons finished to suit, either with or without buttons, stitched or plain. Only one-fourth inch is allowed for seams. Quantity of material in pants, 27 inches wide, 1¼ yards.

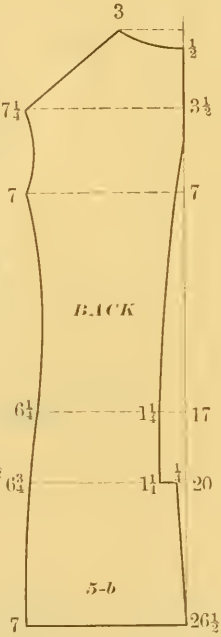


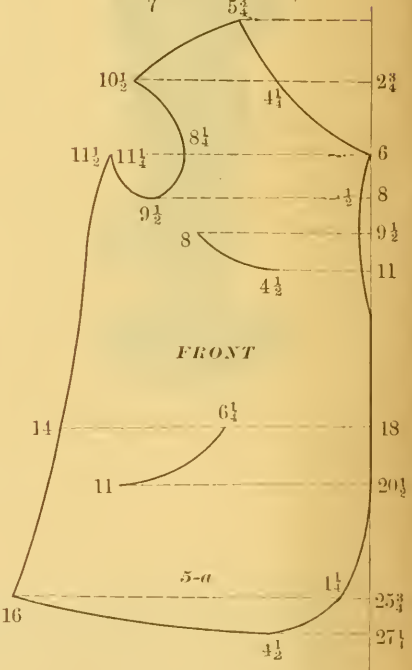


VEST









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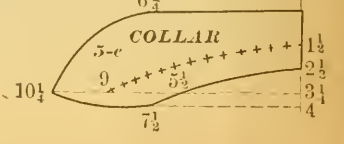
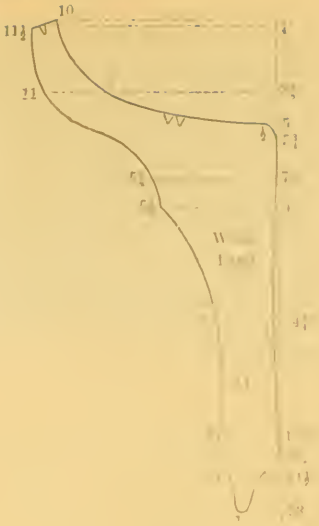


GENTS' DRAWERS.

This pattern is layed off by the waist measure and in accordance with the general directions. It is in two pieces leg and band. In cutting place the pattern of the leg lengthwise of the cloth, and that of the band so that the part passing around the waist is lengthwise of the goods. Close the seams as shown by the notches. Take the darts on the legs, and mark a gusset at the center back. The narrow ends of bands fasten with a buckle. The garment may be made of any material suitable for such garments. One-fourth inch is allowed for all seams.

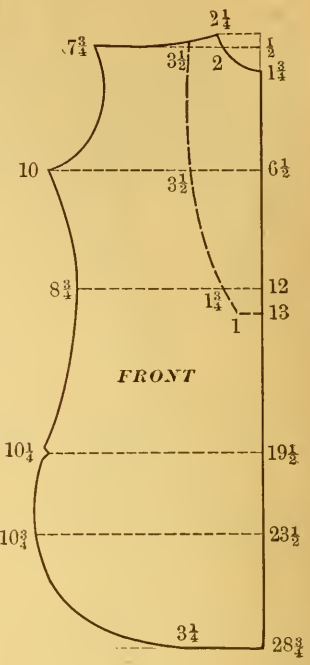
Quantity of material, 36 in. wide, 2¼ yds.

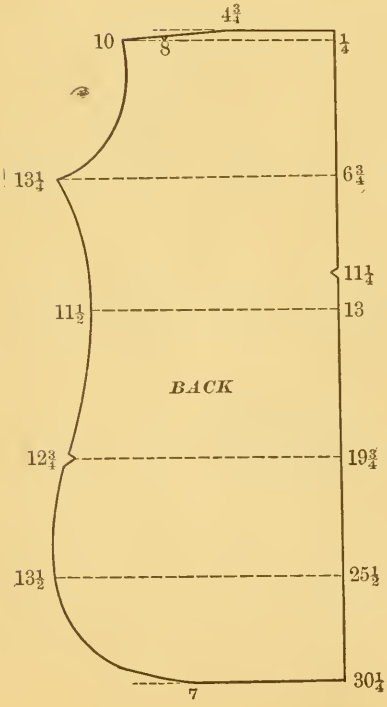


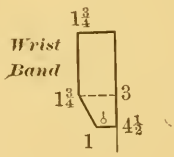
MEN'S OR BOYS' SHIRT WITH YOKE.

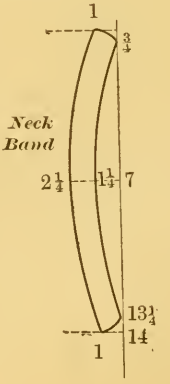
This garment is layed off by the breast measure and in accordance with the general directions. Measure around the breast over the vest, drawing the tape line moderately tight; select the scale corresponding with the measure and use it in laying off the entire pattern. The pattern consist of seven pieces—front, back, sleeve, yoke, neck band, wrist band and cuff, which is designed to be worn with sleeve buttons. Shrink the cloth and double it lengthwise; cut the front, back, sleeve and wrist band with the longest straight edge of each layed on the lengthwise fold; cut the neck band, yoke and cuff lengthwise of the goods; a dotted line located on the front shows shape, size and position of the bosom; cut an opening down the back to the point 11¼; gather the back to fit the yoke, making the gathers between the points marked; 4¾ and 8; stay the termination in the sleeve seams with a small gussett; gather the bottom of the sleeve with to the wrist band or cuff, which ever is desired; join the sleeves to the shirt and fit to the under arm seam and sleeve seam together; distribute the fullness at the top of the shoulder; sew the neck of the garment plainly to the rounded edge of the neck band, with centers of the parts evenly together. The yoke should be lined, and if the muslin be cut away from under the bosom, leaving one-half inch next to the stitching, it will be found to wash and iron better. One-fourth inch is allowed for seams.

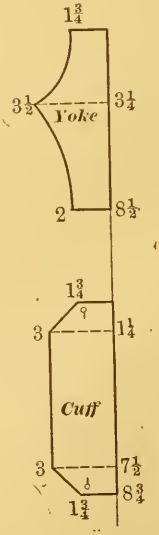
Quantity of material, 36 in. wide, per pair, 6¼ yards; lining for bosoms, per pair, 1 yard.

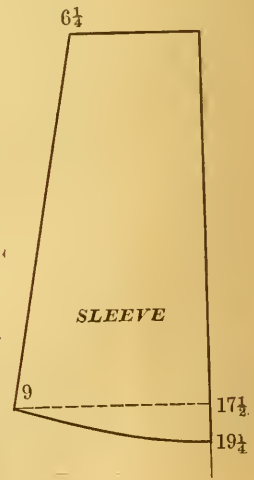












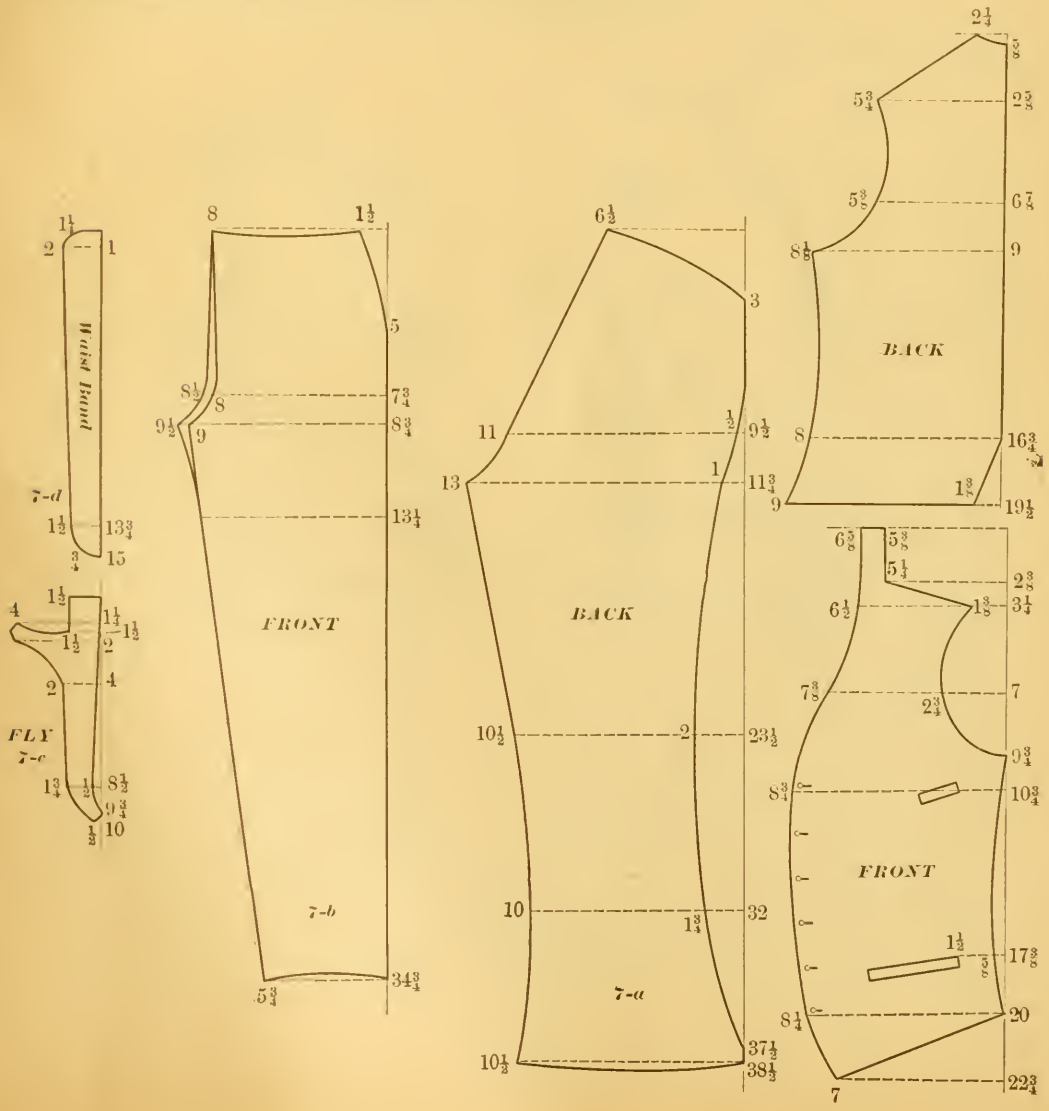
MAN'S PANTS AND VEST.

PANTS.

This pattern is in four pieces—front, back, fly and waist band. The pattern is layed off by the hip measure and in accordance with the general directions. Regulate the length by a tape, and if the waist is to small, add half what is needed to the front edge of each front piece; cut all the parts lengthwise; the pockets are to be put into the side seams and of sufficient width to readily admit the hand, the upper end terminating at the waist band; face the front and back with the material, and before closing the seam stitch the front pocket edges as desired, fill the facing to the pocket; line the waist bands and attatch a facing to their lower edges to extend a short way down the back and terminate on each side at the pocket; also face the fly; turn under to fit the boot. If more or less spring is desired, give it by making more curved or strengthening the lines of the pattern between the knee and the lower end nearest the latter, and in the front only. Attach strips to the back and press the seams in the leg, on a board narrowed to pass through them, using a wet cloth between the iron and the goods in all cases. One-fourth inch is allowed for seams.

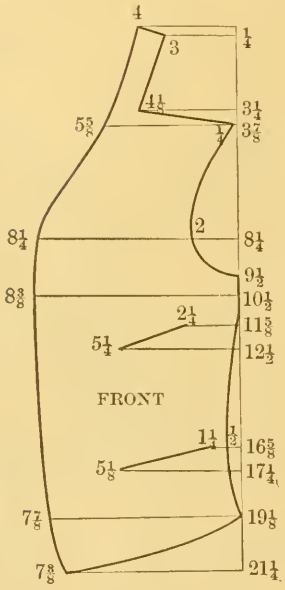
VEST.

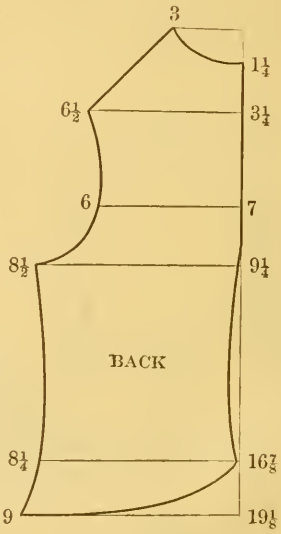
The vest pattern consists of two pieces—front and back. Cut the back with its longest straight edge on a lengthwise fold of the goods to avoid a center seam; (it is best made of silesia) cut the other parts lengthwise; cut pocket opening as located; insert pockets and sew machine stitched welts to the lower edges of the opening, then turn the welts up and sew them in place; underface the front and lower edges with the material; make the strap the desired width by folding a piece the proper length in three thicknesses widest at one end so the strap will taper; turn under the outward edge of it and stitch both sides and across the narrow ends. Sew the buttons to the right front and work holes in the left; close the strap with a buckle and make it of the same material as back. The vest may be cut higher in front if desired by putting the curve above point 8¼ higher, or vise versa. One-fourth inch is allowed for seams.



NEW STYLE VEST.

This vest is cut high in front; the pattern is cut in two pieces—back and front. Double the goods and cut lengthwise; face front and lower part; put buttons on the right side; stitch welt on lower side of opening for pocket, turn up and machine stitch. The back can be made of different kinds of material, but silesia is best; fold three thicknesses of same material, one end a little wider than the other for straps; machine stitch sides and narrow end; put buckle upon left side. The front can easily be cut higher or lower by changing curve at 8¼.

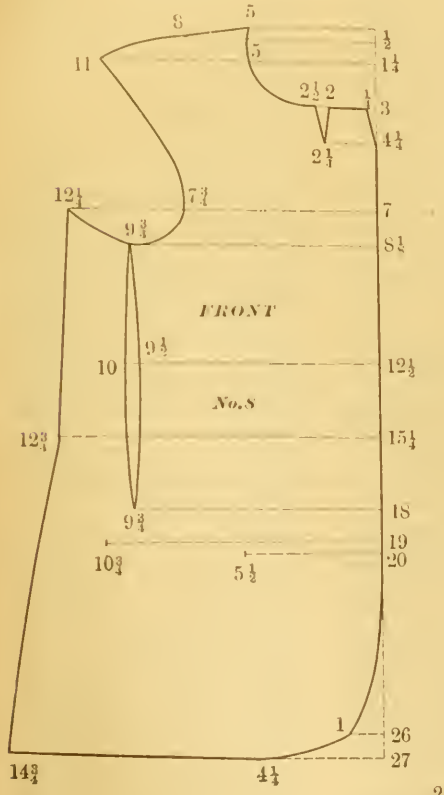


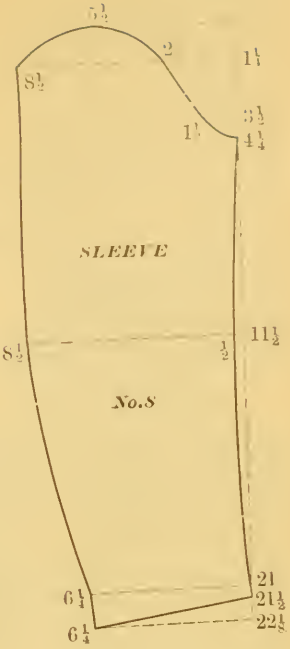


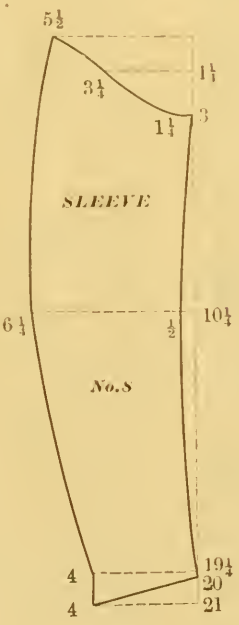
MEN'S SACK COAT.

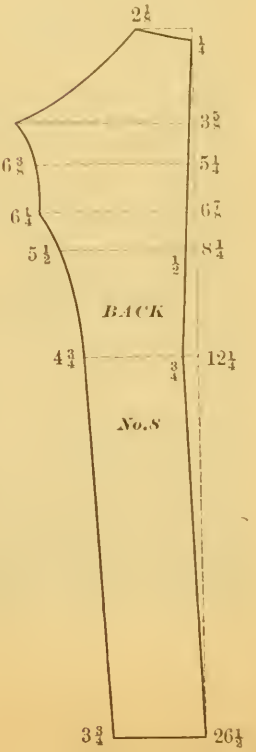
This coat is layed off by the breast measure. The pattern is in five pieces: front, back, collar and two sleeve portions. Cut the collar bias, the other pieces straight with the cloth. Take up the darts in the front exactly to the lines, making an opening for the pocket at the lower line and insert one; attach a machine stitched welt, turn it up and attach the corners so that the upper edge will be on the upper line and turning under the ends; secure them firmly with two rows of stitching. A change pocket may be put in the right front if desired, between three and four inches above the other and near the front edge. If preferred, the pocket openings may be made by cutting on the upper line, sewing a facing to both front and back edges, stitching to form a bar and securing the ends with a bar tack worked in over and over stitch.

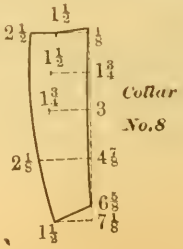
The coat may be fitted to button as high as desired by straightening the curved line of the collar, and by raising the second point on the base line; or made to button lower by moving it downward. No other change is necessary to effect it. The curved row of stars on the collar and the straight row on the coat show the line where the collar turns. Length may be added to the coat by simply continuing the base line and carrying the last two lines drawn from it downward to a point located by a tape line. Put the sleeve in with its back seam between the shoulder seam of the coat and the one next below it and about one-eighth of the distance from the shoulder seam. Hold it towards you while sewing it in and gather the extra fullness under the arm. The shoulders may be stiffened if desired, either with hair cloth or wigging; in case it is used, bring the piece well over the shoulder, out to where the sleeve joins and down the back. One-fourth of an inch is allowed for seams.











"The Lily Girl."

Home, through the river's reeky fringe,
She saunters, slow—
Upon her smiling lips a tinge
Of rose—a glow
Of rapture, on the tender cheek,
Eyes, that, uplifted, would be sure to speak
Of the unsullied soul within her breast:
A slender figure, simply dressed
"In russet gown," a 'kerchief, tied
In careless fashion 'round her shapely neck,
And, at her side,
A gloved hand grasping lilies, to bedeck
Her when, in flimsy, spotless white,
Evening shall bind her to a water-sprite
Transformed. Undine's very self—
When Love—capricious elf—
Had her fair form invested with a soul,
Which, we are told, of beauty is the whole
Expression—fairer could not be, than she
In her unconscious grace and sweet simplicity,
An artist, passing—as in thought
She's paused a moment—truthfully caught
And prisoned on his canvas, with most graceful brush,
This bonny maiden in the early flush
Of womanhood; upon her head
Has set the soft-plumed hat of dusky red;
Beneath its rim has put away the rare
Luxuriance of her dark brown hair
In wavy bands—has made her very fair
To look upon"—just as she doubtless is,
Whether she be ideal or a genuine Miss.
—Sarah Louise Morris.

AN INJURED WIFE.

"I wonder," thought Mrs. Thompson as she glanced at the clock on the mantelpiece—"I wonder what it is that keeps George so late? Twice this week he has been detained by what he calls business. I should think he could get home earlier if he chose."

When at length Mr. Thompson came in, his wife's countenance wore an injured expression. He did not appear to observe it, but said, hurriedly,—

"Emma, I'm sorry, but I can't stay to tea just now. Must go away at once, on particular business. Don't wait supper for me, and if you feel lonesome, couldn't you send over for your friend Miss Nettleby?"

"I thought you didn't like Lucretia?"

"Well, I don't particularly admire old maids, but if you like her society, I've no objection."

"Old maids," said Mrs. Thompson, indignantly. "Lucretia is only four years older than I was when I married you, two years ago. You don't intend to insinuate that I was an old maid at that time?"

"Certainly not—of course not!" replied Thompson in a conciliatory tone. "But you know some women look much older than others, even when their ages are the same."

"I don't like to hear my friends abused," said Mrs. Thompson. "And at any rate, Lucretia is quite as nice as that bald-head, red-faced Mr. Headstall that you're so fond of, and are always asking to dinner.

Mr. Thompson laughed good-naturedly.

"He's a capital fellow, is Joe. You'll like him better some day. Where's my other coat?"

And he got himself ready, just as Mr. Joseph Headstall himself drove up to the door with the fine blood mare and dog-cart of which he was so proud, and carried of Mr. Thompson, leaving his wife to spend the evening alone.

"I wonder where they are going?" thought Mrs. Thompson, turning from the window, whence she had watched them. "This looks more like pleasure than business, and George seems in uncommonly good spirits."

Her eye fell upon her husband's coat, which he had left carelessly thrown across a chair. The end of a morocco-covered note-book protruded from an inside pocket, and Mrs. Thompson instantly pounced upon it, removed the elastic band, and eagerly scanned the pages.

There were plenty of memoranda, and ciphers, and notes of various matters, as unintelligible as so many Egyptian hieroglyphics.

But as she handled the book something carefully wrapped in tissue-paper slipped from a little pocket and fell at her feet. Picking it up, her horror-stricken gaze rested upon the photograph of a beautiful woman.

She dropped the picture as though it had been a serpent, and was standing stonily gazing at it when Bridget announced Miss Nettleby.

"Show her up!" said Mrs. Thompson, as she sank hysterically upon the lounge, and began to beat the carpet with her feet, and clutch the cushion with her hands.

And Bridget, well knowing these symptoms, hurried down with a report which speedily brought up the visitor.

"My darling Emma!" exclaimed Miss Nettleby, bending over her friend, "what has happened? What *is* the matter?"

For answer, Mrs. Thompson pointed to the photograph upon the floor.

"I found it in—in his pocket!" she sobbed. "Oh, Lucretia, what am I to do? Isn't it dreadful?"

"My dear," answered Miss Nettleby, with ominous calmness, "it is only what I have been prepared for. Don't you remember how often before your marriage I warned you not to trust to him?"

This was true, for Miss Nettleby, failing in her efforts to entrap Mr. Thompson, had done her best to prevent him marrying her friend.

"It's only in the last week that he is so changed," moaned Emma. "He hardly comes home at all now; and neglects me shamefully.

"We can understand why," said Miss Nettleby, glancing significantly at the photograph. "Have you any idea, Emma, whose this is?"

"Not the least; but it looks like some horrid actress or ballet-dancer."

"It's very handsome, at least," said Lucretia, with a little, half-malicious side-glance at her friend. "How did you happen to find it?"

"Why, I was looking over that little note-book there, just to see if I could find out what business detains George in the evenings, and the picture slipped out of a pocket in the cover.

"And did you find a clue?" inquired Miss Nettleby, eagerly.

"No. I had just commenced looking. It is a sort of memorandum, I believe."

"In that case, the last week's entries might afford some information," suggested Miss Nettleby.

Mrs. Thompson opened the pocket-book, and glanced over the last written page.

"There's something here about 'Brigntons,' and 'Foster & Company,' and a consignment, and some figures. I'm sure I can't make out what it all means. And here, just look over this, Lucretia!"

Miss Nettleby read out aloud.

"Mem. Foster & Co.—consignment—See Fanny—jewellers—Ch. Sup'r."

"What!" cried Mrs. Thompson, starting upright on the lounge. "See Fanny? Oh, the deceiver! Who would ever have thought it?"

"No doubt," said Lucretia, her eyes gleaming with triumph, as she held up the photograph—"no doubt we've at last got a clue. This is Fanny, and—I declare!" glancing again at the book; "the date is the fifteenth—this very day! Why, it must be to see her that he has gone!"

Mrs. Thompson gave an hysterical sob, ending in a suppressed scream.

"Don't worry yourself about it, Emma, I beseech you!" said her friend, bathing her hands and forehead with cologne-water. "It's just like the rest of the men. They're not one of them to be trusted, I've always said so; and I pity you—indeed I do!"

"Oh, the sly, deceitful hypocrite!" gasped Emma. "To neglect his own wife, and pay attention to a creature like that!"

"And making her presents of jewelry," sneered Lucretia.

"And the 'Ch. Sup.'—what can that mean?"

"Why, champagne supper, of course! Any one can see that."

"The wretch!" cried Mrs. Thompson, indignantly. "To think of his spending his money in that way, at the very time he assured me he couldn't afford to get me that basket-phæton and pony that I've been longing for. I won't bear it any longer. I'll leave him. I'll go home to ma. I'll get a divorce. I'll go now—this very night!"

Her friend strongly approved of this resolution. She had never forgiven George Thompson for marrying Emma instead of herself; and it was balm to her feelings to think of such a punishment befalling him.

At nine o'clock precisely, Mr. Thompson let himself in at the front door. He paused in surprise at the sight which greeted him.

Three or four trunks and boxes stood piled in the hall, with a multitude of smaller packages. Mrs. Thompson, in bonnet and cloak, stood at the door, with Bridget close by. They were waiting for a carriage. Miss Nettleby, on hearing the masculine step, had fled into the back dining-room, out of sight, but not out of hearing.

"Why, Emma! what on earth does all this mean? What has happened?" questioned Thompson in an alarmed tone.

"What has happened?" repeated Mrs. Thompson, with a great effort to be calm and majestic in the dignity of injured innocence. "A great deal has happened. My eyes have been opened to what I was simple and confiding enough never before to have suspected."

"Emma, what can you mean? What is the matter? I don't in the least understand it!"

"Oh, of course not! You don't know anything at all about it! You thought I never heard of—of that creature Fanny! You thought you were keeping it a secret from me!"

Mr. Thompson's countenance changed. A sort of subdued and guilty expression came over it.

"How did you learn about Fanny? And I don't see why your finding it out should have excited you thus. If I kept it a secret from you it was only in order to——"

"Do you hear that?" exclaimed Mrs. Thompson tragically, to the universe in general. "He confesses, and without a blush!"

"I have nothing to blush for," said Thompson firmly. "Have you lost your senses, Emma?"

"Oh! he's nothing to blush for!" sneered the outraged wife. "And you're not a bit ashamed of dressing up your dear Fanny in jewelry, and treating her to champagne suppers, I suppose."

"Treating Fanny to champagne! What on earth are you talking about?"

"I am talking about the wretched creature for whom you have neglected your wife. Don't deny anything! I know all about it. I found her photograph, and I found her name in the same book; a memorandum to 'go and see Fanny' this very evening!"

It was a study to behold Thompson's countenance while his injured and indignant wife thus brought home to him all these accumulated charges.

First, there was a look of wonder and perplexity, then of sudden intelligence, followed by the oddest expression imaginable.

And when she concluded, he sank into the nearest hall-chair, tried to speak, apparently in explanation, and then, leaning back, laughed long and loud.

"Sure, it's an unfalin' baste he is, inthirely!" muttered Bridget, all of whose sympathies were on the side of her injured mistress.

The latter, after gazing an instant at her husband, sat down likewise, and, under the mortification of insult added to injury, burst into tears.

Then Thompson calmed himself, wiped his eyes, and addressed his wife with a voice still quivering with suppressed mirth:

"Emma, do you know whose picture this is?"

"Don't presume to speak to me—don't!" sobbed Mrs. Thompson.

"But, my dear, allow me to explain. Don't you remember expressing a wish to have Mademoiselle Ferlini's picture, 'to see what she looks like?' Well, in coming home this evening, I observed some *cartes* in the Stereoscopia Company's window, and purchased one, but in my haste forgot to give it to you. This is her photograph."

Mrs. Thompson looked up incredulously.

"You are deceiving me," she said.

"If you doubt me, go down to Cheapside to-morrow and satisfy yourself. And now, as to Fanny—do you know who Fanny is?

"Don't mention her to me—the horrid creature!"

"Fanny isn't horrid at all. She is a perfect little beauty, with bright eyes and dainty limbs, gentle as a lamb, and graceful as a fairy. I fell in love with her at first sight."

Mrs. Thompson gave a convulsive scream, and beat her feet on the floor.

"And so will you, dear, when you see her. She is the prettiest little pony in London, and just suited to a lady's basket-phaeton. I had intended it for a surprise on your birthday, but that unfortunate note-book has spoiled my plan."

His wife looked up. She knew better than to doubt that honest, half-regretful, half-reproachful look. Her face crimsoned with shame.

"Oh, George, you don't mean it?"

"Well, you'll know better next time," he answered soothingly; "and we both learn not to have a secret from each other. It's the best plan, after all, as Headstall hinted to me from the first."

His wife flushed a little, then said, doubtfully:

"But about the jeweler's, and the champagne supper?"

"I made a memorandum to call at the jeweler's for my watch, which I had left for repairs. I had also to call on the chief superintendent of the gasworks, whom your imagination has converted into a champagne supper."

"How ridiculous! But it was all the fault of your careless writing."

"Well, I didn't expect it to be criticised by a lady, you know."

"Sure," said Bridget, "he's turned the tables inthirely. And plaze, mum, isn't it a bite o' supper the masther would like, and him comin' home so late?"

"A good suggestion," Thompson admitted.

And as he walked into the dining-room, with his arm round his wife's waist, someone whisked out of the side door and they heard the hall door close.

"It's only Lucretia Nettleby," Mrs. Thompson explained. "I had entirely forgotten her."

"Ah, indeed! That explains about your contemplated journey!" said her husband, looking enlightened.

He Wanted a Chance.

Husband—"Do you know, my dear, that the men would be happier if the women would follow some of the customs of the Japanese?"

Wife—"Why you horrid thing! You wouldn't want me to blacken my teeth, would you?"

Husband—"No; but there is one thing the Japanese women do which, if you followed might give me a chance to look in the mirror occasionally."

Wife—"What on earth can that be?"

Husband—"They dress their hair only once in four days, darling."—*New York Journal.*

A New York doctor says small feet signify a quick temper. The assertion that the belle of Chicago has a perfectly angelic disposition must be true.

"In England the "drummer" is called a "bagman."

There are twenty-eight direct heirs to the succession of the British throne.

Rosy Snow.

Rosy snow on the roofs in the morning;
Drifts in the hollows, by wild winds curled;
Bells on the beaten road chime away cheerfingly—
O the great white world!
Brown little sparrows on twigs bare and red,
You shall have crumbs both of cake and of bread—
I will remember you, flitting unfearingly
Out in the great white world!

Rosy snow on the orchard this morning!
Faint-flushed blossoms with crisp edges curled;
Soft-floating petals by blithe breezes flung to me—
Oh the sweet white world!
Young whistling robin with round ruddy breast,
I'll never touch your blue eggs in the nest;
I will remember the welcome you've sung to me
Out in the sweet white world!

—Helen Gray Cone, in St. Nicholas for May

A SEA-SHELL.

It is not much of a story, but it would have been a great deal happier one if it had not been for the little pink twisted shell which Jack Wallace found and gave to Dora Carter down on the beach the day Jack sailed for Bombay.

They had spent the afternoon there on the beach walking up and down, arm in arm, or sitting on some bit of broken spar, Jack's arm around her waist, and her little brown hands clasped closely in his great strong fingers.

They talked about their future; about the morrow and its parting, and whether they should ever meet again, and how Dora would break her heart if they didn't.

And Jack told Dora how, when he was away on the sea and in the far-off eastern land, he would always think of her and strive to keep his life pure and good for her sake, and never do anything to render him unworthy of her.

And Dora told Jack how lonely and sad she would be when he was gone, and how she would pray for him every night, and if it was stormy lie awake and tremble to think of him on the furious ocean; and how faithful and true she would always be to him, and how he would find a letter from her at every port where the vessel touched, and must be sure to send one back to her.

And they both talked of the time when Jack should return and buy the little stone cottage at the Headland; and of the quiet wedding they should have, and Dora should be mistress of the stone cottage; and then when Jack came to be commander of a ship, instead of second-mate, Dora should accompany him on his voyages and be the captain's lady.

I doubt if there ever was a happier pair of lovers, albeit their long parting was so near.

And suddenly Jack's eye caught the rose-colored gleam of a little shell among the shining sands at his feet, and he picked it up and gave it to Dora, saying:

"Keep it for my sake. When I am gone it shall mind you of your sailor."

"As if I needed anything to remind me of him!" answered Dora, with a little pout.

"Nay, then," said Jack, lightly, "I have a whim. Let it be the sign of

your constancy. Keep it till you cease to love me, and part with it only to the man who wins your heart from me."

"You know that no man ever will, Jack, dear. What gave you such a thought."

"It just occurred to me to be jealous of that handsome Tom Selwin and tall Direk Landfred and—and—all the rest of them who would give their eyes for my bird. Dora dear, when I'm away don't sail with Tom and ride with Direk as you've been used to," said selfish Jack, half anxiously, half playfully.

"You great bear," scolded Dora, "to be so jealous! If you were not going away so soon I'd be angry with you. But I'll give you the promise, Jack," she added, seeing his sober look. "I will do just as you wish, dear."

And so Jack sailed with the comforting conviction that Dora was quite safe from the attentions of his many rivals.

Alas! that wretched little shell! it and Jack's jealousy were the cause of all the trouble that came to those two.

Over a year from that day Jack met Direk Landfred, 4,000 miles from Dora, and was very glad the handsome fellow, who loved as madly as Jack himself, was no nearer her.

Until this little coolness about Dora, Jack and Direk had always been the best of friends, and now Jack was not sorry when Direk shipped for his return voyage on the same vessel with him. Direk had sailed two weeks after Jack and for the same port. As I said, Jack was not ill-pleased to have him for a shipmate, and before the long voyage was half ended they were as good friends as ever.

One day when Direk was rummaging through his chest after some trifle, Jack came along and sat down for a chat. And suddenly, while they talked, Direk opened a little box of miscellaneous odds and ends, and Jack caught sight amoug them of a little pink, shining shell, for he would have known it among ten thousand.

"Direk, where did you get that shell?" he demanded, in a voice so sharp that Direk looked up, startled.

"Where did I get it?" he responded jestingly, "My sweetheart gave it me."

Jack stared at him one minute with great, agonized eyes, too blind, in his sudden anguish, to see that he was but joking. Then a strange, white pallor settled over his bronzed face, and he walked silently away. She was false to him, then; she had given the shell to Direk Landfred; and was not this the sign that she had transferred her love, also, to him.

Jack did not go near Direk again, or he might have learned the truth; how Direk had picked up the shell on the beach, and, pleased with its beauty, had carried it away with him, never dreaming that Dora had lost it there, and that he was hardly out of sight before she came back to look for it.

If Direk, loyal heart, had known that, he would have walked a hundred miles to restore her the gift of his successful rival.

But Jack did not ask, and Direk, offended at his sudden coldness, did not tell him how he came in possession of the shell.

He saw that Jack avoided him, and with no knowledge of the cause he was too proud to seek his company. So the two never exchanged another word while Jack remained on the ship, which was not long, for at the next port Jack managed to get his discharge from the captain and left the vessel.

For a few years he roamed about without any definite aim, and then a pretty Portuguese girl fell in love with him, and Jack married her out of pity. He made her a fair husband, though he did not love her, but he never forgot Dora, and he lived and died without knowing how he had mi-judged her—I won't say wronged her, for it's my belief she was as well off without him, and that he never was worthy of her.

As for her, she waited and waited for Jack, or news from him, and at last got the latter.

Somebody came and told her of his marriage, and gave a glowing description of his beautiful Portuguese wife. At first it almost broke her heart, poor girl. But by-and-by resentment got the better of her grief, and she would not mourn for such a miscreant. And after a while came Direk wooing her again, when he knew he had the right.

She never could love him again as she had loved Jack Wallace, and she knew it; but she promised Direk to make him a dutiful wife, and he was content; so they were married.

Long years after Dora found the shell in Direk's old box, and then it all came out; but Dora did not greatly regret it, for Direk was good and loving, and if she did not adore him as she had Jack, she knew he was the nobler man of the two.

As I said, it is not much of a story, and perhaps you will say it does not end well. Ah! stories in real life seldom end as we think.

Watterson and Bright.

I heard, the other night, a story about Watterson, writes a correspondent. Not long ago he was in Indianapolis. There he sat down to a game of poker with "Dick" Bright, who was recently sergeant-at arms of the senate and president of the city horse railroad. Watterson had great luck. The money rolled in upon him. When he was about $4,000 ahead he began to think how he would spend it. "I will ride home in the best hack this city affords," he said. Before a great while he had $5,000 in winnings. "I will drive to my hotel with four white horses, and a darkey leading each one," was his exultant announcement. From that moment his luck turned. Every cent in his pile was gone, and his pocketbook began to look thin. The railroad president fumbled in his pocket. Taking out a car ticket, he passed it across the table. "Here, Watterson, you said you should ride home. Put that in your pocket and you can." Watterson walked, and still keeps the car ticket as a reminder of the night the Hoosier strapped him.

There are now sixty life convicts in Sing Sing prison.

The Outcast Poor of London.

Born 'neath some favoring star's auspicious ray,
Bred in the envied ease that knows no care,
(Perchance to some high heritage the heir),
Taught how to love, to honor, and to pray,
Fed without toil or trouble day by day—
How shall the child of fortune's gifts so rare
Measure the weary breadwinner's despair?
His world is but a pleasure ground of play.

Reared in the rookery of foul repute.
Cradled in crime, suckled by squalid shame
(Perchance of birth unblest to bear the blame),
Taught but those things which life and love pollute,
Of needful food and raiment destitute—
How shall misfortune's child alliance claim
With honest folk? How shall he learn to tame
The savage instincts of th' ancestral brute?

Grudge not your garner'd grain, O gilded great,
To help these outcasts! 'Neath their shrunken skin
Pulsates that life which makes all creatures kin
And claims your voice it's cause to advocate.
These brothers from a soul-corroding state
A ministry of mercy yet can win;
So may their darken'd dens of shame and sin
The lamps of love at last illuminate!

—James Gazette.

A SPECIAL CONSTABLE.

Two women, sisters, kept the toll-bar at a village in Yorkshire. It stood apart from the village, and they often felt uneasy at night, being lone women.

One day they received a considerable sum of money, bequeathed them by a relative, and that set the simple souls all in a flutter.

They had a friend in the village, the blacksmith's wife; so they went and told her their fears. She admitted that theirs was a lonesome place, and she would not live there, for one, without a man. Her discourse sent them home downright miserable.

The blacksmith's wife told her husband all about it when he came in for his dinner. "The fools!" said he; "how is anybody to know they have got brass in the house?"

"Well," said the wife, "they make no secret of it to me; but you need not go for to tell it to all the town—poor souls!"

"Not I," said the man; "but they will publish it, never fear; leave women folk alone for making their own trouble with their tongues."

There the subject dropped, as man and wife have things to talk about besides their neighbors.

The old women at the toll-bar, what with their own fears and their Job's comforter, began to shiver with apprehension as night came on. However, at sunset the carrier passed through the gate, and at sight of his friendly face they brightened up. They told him their care, and begged him to sleep in the house that night. "Why, how can I?" said he; "I'm due at ——; but I will leave you my dog." The dog was a powerful mastiff.

The women looked at each other expressively. "He won't hurt us, will he?" sighed one of them, faintly.

"Not he," said the carrier, cheerfully. Then he called the dog into the

house, and told them to lock the door, and went away whistling.

The women were left contemplating the dog with that tender interest apprehension is sure to excite. At first he seemed staggered at this off-hand proceeding of his master; it confused him; then he snuffed at the door; then, as the wheels retreated, he began to see plainly he was an abandoned dog; he delivered a fearful howl, and flew at the door, scratching and barking furiously.

The old women fled the apartment, and were next seen at an upper window, screaming to the carrier, "Come back! come back, John! He is tearing the house down."

"Drat the varmint!" said John, and came back. On the road he thought what was best to be done. The good-natured fellow took his great coat out of the cart and laid it down on the floor. The mastiff instantly laid himself on it. "Now," said John, sternly, "let us have no more nonsense; you take charge of that till I come back, and don't ye let nobody steal that there, nor yet t' wives' brass. There, now," said he, kindly, to the women, "I shall be back this way breakfast-time, and he won't budge till then."

"And he won't hurt us, John?"

"Lord, no! Bless your heart, he is as sensible as any Christian; only, Lord sake, woman don't ye go to take the coat from him, or you'll be wanting a new gown yourself, and maybe a petticoat and all."

He retired, and the old women kept at a respectful distance from their protector. He never molested them; and, indeed, when they spoke cajolingly to him he even wagged his tail in a dubious way; but still, as they moved about, he squinted at them out of his bloodshot eye in a way that checked all desire on their part to try on the carrier's coat.

Thus protected, they went to bed earlier than usual, but they did not undress; they were too much afraid of everything, especially their protector. The night wore on, and presently their sharpened senses let them know that the dog was getting restless; he snuffed, and then he growled, and then he got up and pattered about, muttering to himself. Straightway, with furniture, they barricaded the door through which their protector must pass to devour them.

But by and by, listening acutely, they heard a scraping and a grating outside the window of the room where the dog was, and he continued growling low. This was enough; they slipped out at the back door, and left their money to save their lives; they got into the village. It was pitch dark, and all the houses black but two; one was the public house, casting a triangular gleam across the road a long way off, and the other was the blacksmith's house. Here was a piece of fortune for the terrified women. They burst into their friend's house. "Oh, Jane! the thieves are come!" and they told her in a few words all that had happened.

"La!" said she; "how timorsome you are! ten to one he was only growling at some one that passed by."

"Nay, Jane, we heard the scraping outside the window. Oh, woman, call your man and let him go with us."

"My man—he is not here."

"Where is he, then?"

"I suppose he is where the other working-women's husbands are, at the public-house," said she, rather bitterly, for she had her experience.

The old women wanted to go to the public-house for him; but the blacksmith's wife was a courageous woman, and, besides, she thought it was most likely a false alarm. "Nay, nay," said she, "last time I went for him there I got a fine affront. I'll come with you," said she. "I'll take the poker, and we have got our tongues to raise the town with, I suppose." So they marched to the toll-bar. When they got near it they saw something that staggered this heroine. There was actually a man half in and half out of the window. This brought the blacksmith's wife to a stand-still, and the timid pair implored her to go back to the village. "Nay, nay," said she, "what for? I see but one—and—hark! it is my belief the dog is holding of him." However, she thought it safest to be on the same side with the dog, lest the man might turn on her. So she made her way into the kitchen, followed by the other two; and there a sight met their eyes that changed all their feelings, both toward the robber and toward each other. The great mastiff had pinned a man by the throat, and was pulling at him, to draw him through the window, with fierce but muffled snarls. The man's weight alone prevented it. The window was like a picture-frame, and in that frame there glared, with lolling tongue and starting eyes, the white face of the blacksmith, their courageous friend's villainous husband. She uttered an appalling scream, and flew upon the dog and choked him with her two hands. He held, and growled, and tore till he was all but throttled himself; then he let go and the man fell. But what struck the ground outside like a lump of lead was in truth a lump of clay. The man was quite dead, and fearfully torn about the throat. So did a comedy end in an appalling and most piteous tragedy; not that the scoundrel himself deserved any pity, but his poor, brave, honest wife, to whom he had not dared confide the villainy he meditated.

Life in the Mikado's Empire.

Everyone, rich and poor, in Japan takes a dip at least once a day in a caldron of hot water. The rich bathe before dinner and at bedtime. The whole household dip in the hot water. A bath, unless at a thermal spring, is only an immersion. Precedence is given to the elders, when there are no visitors, then to the young people, according to their age, next to the maid-servants, and lastly to the women. Prefatory ablutions of feet and hands are performed in basins, and on getting out of the caldron each bather gargles mouth and throat with cold aromatized water. In very hot weather they all fan each other's bodies to dry them. Modesty does not begin in Japan where beauty ends. Human beings who are as fat and shapeless as too prosperous quails do not mind being fanned. The nobility never went naked in the streets. But in their castles or shires and their parks they did and do—formerly to be cool in hot weather and now to economize their European garments. Hunchbacks and deformed persons are almost unknown. In a Japanese Eden the law of natural selection prevails. We came up country, whenever there was a road, in jinrikshas, and when the ground was too rough for wheels, we were carried in norimous, borne by two, three or four men, who are strong as horses. When the ground is flat or down-hill, there are two, or one before and two behind. These bearers are mostly disbanded feudal retainers, or soldiers of the Daimois, but they are not allowed to wear their old military costumes or swords, and the authorities are almost glad when they see them with a drapery of tough paper round their loins and nothing else. It was to prevent sword-wearing and its probable consequences that the Mikado ordered civil servants to don the ridiculous European costume, which is imported here by the Jew agents of the Paris and London hand me-down stores.—*Pall Mall Gazette*

Cremation in England.

Dr. Price the "Druid," has not lived wholly in vain. At least he has been the means of eliciting high judicial opinion as to the legality of cremation. So far as the law is concerned, every man may dispose of his dead by burning if it seems fit to him. Nor need he now journey in company with a coffin to Berlin or Milan in order that his deceased relative may be reduced to ashes if not to dust. A cremation society has been formed in England, which has got its stoves and furnaces in working order, its staff of "operators," and its medical officers all complete, and wants for nothing, it appears, but business. No doubt it will soon get it, now that neither law nor religion seems to be necessarily opposed to the new process. There is one matter, however, on which the society will require to give good guarantees to the public. They have announced that careful precautions will be taken to ascertain in all cases the cause of death before the body is given to the flames. People are not often poisoned, perhaps, but such cases do happen, and no poisoner could wish for anything more than the complete and immediate destruction of his victim's remains. And facilities of concealment naturally increase the temptation to crime.—*St. James's Gazette.*

Four prominent members of a Cincinnati whist club certify to a remarkable hand of whist played by them recently, at which, after the cards had been thoroughly shuffled, one of the players received thirteen diamonds, another thirteen spades, and another thirteen hearts, and the other thirteen clubs, the latter being trumps. Two packs of cards were used.

The Old Arctic Rubbers.

I.

How shabby my old rubber arctics are growing;
The days of their usefulness will soon be o'er,
How well I remember, 'twas blowing and snowing
The day that I carried them home from the store.
Both Wiggins and Vennor predicted a snorter;
The north wind was howling and fast the snow fell,
I bought them and paid for them two and a quarter,
The old arctic rubbers that served me so well;
The old arctic rubbers, the flannel-lined rubbers,
The old arctic rubbers that served me so well.

II.

They gave me protection whenever a blizzard
'Neath snow drifts, knee-high, hid the sidewalk, and street,
And daily, while humorous exchanges I scissored,
They lay near the legs of the desk at my feet.
For cuspidores often they served witty fellows
Who came to the sanctum old stories to tell,
And ladies stood in them dripping umbrellas,
The old arctic rubbers that served me so well;
The old arctic rubbers, the flannel-lined rubbers,
The old arctic rubbers that served me so well.

III.

The buckles that formerly glittered like spangles
Are rusty and broken, their ruin complete;
The sides of the soles and the heels describe angles
That make me look bow-legged when walking the street,
But, though they're a wreck now in sole, heel and upper,
Some hungry goat's appetite yet they may quell,
By furnishing him with a breakfast or supper,
The old arctic rubbers that served me so well;
The old arctic rubbers, the flannel-lined rubbers,
The old arctic rubbers that served me so well.

—Somerville Journal.

HOW HE WAS CAUGHT.

Neither tall nor short, neither dark nor fair, with hair between dark and brown, and eyes that left a doubt as to whether they were gray or hazel. She was just such a little bundle of uncertainties and contradictions as led the imagination captive at the first glance, and offered a constant lure to anticipation.

Whether she spoke or remained silent, whether she walked or sat, expectation hung breathless upon her next word, her next pose. Her eyes, varying as seemed their hue, shone none the less with a candid ray that seemed the very light of truth, and her fresh mouth, with its milky teeth showing between the not too-smiling lips, irresistibly suggested the sweetest uses to which lips can be put.

The heavily moving steamer had plowed through half the great Atlantic rollers, and the few passengers had all grown heartily tired of each other, when she suddenly appeared for the first time upon deck quite alone, yet calm and self-centered as the small birds that sometimes poised themselves upon spar or bulwark to gather breath for fresh flight.

It was Julius Hilder who had first discovered her, leaning against the companionway railing, with the air of having just come up or down, he could hardly determine which, looking absently at the tumbling water.

Julius and his friend, Austin Drake, were seceders from a gay party who had made the tour of Southern Europe together. It was Julius who had instigated his companion to desert the others and take the German steamer for New Orleans direct, which then touched at Havre, instead of crossing by a Cunarder; and it had all grown out of the obstinate determination on the part of his sister to attach her party to that of Mrs. Smoliett.

Mrs. Smollett was his choicest aversion, a preteutious, intriguing woman, in whom the match-making instinct had been so developed by the effort to establish her own five daughters that it could not rest satisfied with the accomplishment of that gigantic task. She seemed to have an endless supply of nieces, adopted daughters, or proteges of some sort whom she dangled ostentatiously before the eyes of all eligible bachelors. She had improved a chance meeting with Julius to announce to him a new acquisition, a lovely young creature, whom she was taking home with her from a Swiss Pension.

"Mr. Smollett's own niece, Mr. Hilder, and quite like my Fanny at her age. You remember Fanny? She was your first love, I believe," she had said, with her ogling dowager smile, and Julius had felt himself seized at once with an unsurmountable aversion to the fair young niece of Mrs. Smollett.

In the first heat of indignation agaist his sister he had conceived this notable scheme of crossing by the Havre steamer, and though it had not in its development proved to be eminently amusing, he had never omitted to congratulate himself and his companion, night and morning, upon the good sense they had displayed in adopting it.

"No chattering girls or designing dowagers," he would say, and he yawned over the book or the dull game with which they strove to believe they were amusing themselves, "give a man time to pull himself together and take account of stock, as it were." Still, when one of those aimless pilgrimages below which formed the only break in the monotony of this occupation, he had nearly ran over this pretty young creature leaning against the railings, a thrill of undeniable pleasure had coursed along his nerves and he had felt himself blushing with pleased surprise.

Fortunately the sea-tan had rendered the blush indistinct, but over the light that shot into his gray eyes the sea-tan had no power, nor yet over the tongue that stammered as he tried to convey his apologies for nearly upsetting her, and his offer of service in conducting her to a seat.

"Thank you," she had answered coolly, "you did not startle me, as I saw you coming; and I am not sure that I want a seat."

There was no more to be said, and her maid appeared at the moment with a bundle of parti-colored wraps. Julius could only lift his hat again and carry out his purpose of going below. As he had no reasons for going except that he was tired of staying on deck, and as the deck had now aequired paramount attraction, he was soon back again.

In the meantime the young lady had made up her mind about the seat, and had found one for herself close against the ship's side on the weather quarter. It was not a pleasant location, but as she had chosen it, and had wrapped a large shawl around her in an exclusive sort of way, he saw no plausible ground for interfering.

Nothing could have been more discreet and retiring than Miss Elton's behavior, but the perseverance of the man who finds himself bored by too much of his own and his alter ego's society, is an incalculable force against which no woman can successfully entrench herself, and so it was not long before Drake found himself eliminated, as a superfluous factor, from the sum of his friend's enjoyment, whenever Miss Elton appeared above deck. His success, however, was more apparent than real, for although he knew her name, and was allowed to carry her book and her shawl, and arrange her chair in the most comfortable position with reference to the wind or the sun, he had really made no great progress in her confidence. Who she was, or why she had chosen to make the voyage in this unconventional and eccentric way, remained as great a mystery as it had been on that memorable first day. It was the close of the tenth day, dating from that of his discovery, and Julius sat beside her in that intimate fashion bred of the isolation of the sea.

He had been reading to her, but the story was finished, and a silence had ensued, she appearing to be wrapped in thought, and he watching her face with half-veiled glances.

"Three more days and we shall be at home," she said, rousing herself.

"You count the days," he said. "Are you eager to be there?"

"No; neither eager nor reluctant. The voyage has been pleasant, but it will be nice to be on shore again, too."

"What, or rather who, is going to make it nice? Anybody in particular?"

She put the question aside with a little wave of the hand.

"You are curious," she said, mischievously.

Julius bit his lip. He was curious, and this was not the first time she had foiled him.

"You want much to know just who and what I am," she went on. "You have made a dozen attempts to find out. Tell me why. What difference would it make to you? If I were to tell you that I am a niece of the Governor of Kentucky; mind I don't say that I am," she continued, as Julius made a gesture of surprise. "I say if I were to tell you so, and add that I am mistress of an independent fortune, would that enhance my value in your eyes?"

"Suppose, on the contrary," she went on impetuously, and with a certain warmth of tone that seemed to spring from injured pride, "I were to tell you that I am an orphan without fortune; that I had just money enough to carry me through the Conservatory at Paris, and that I am hoping and expecting to make my living by teaching music, would that lower me in your regard?"

Julius still remained silent, perhaps a little abashed by the results of his own temerity.

"I see that I have embarrassed you," she said, laughing. "I shall not insist upon an answer. I leave you to adopt whichever hypothesis best suits you."

She gathered up her shawl and book as she spoke, and made a motion to rise, but Julius laid a detaining hand upon her arm.

"No, no, you mustn't go yet," he exclaimed and he fancied a dewiness in her eyes as she turned them toward him, which touched him inexpressibly. "I am embarrassed, not so much by your hypothesis as by something in myself. Since you leave me to choose between these hypotheses, I will take the latter. You are, then, an orphan without fortune, hoping and expecting to make your living by teaching music. To prove to you how little I deserve your implied reproach, I will confess what I should have concealed from the Governor's niece. Miss Elton, I adore you!"

"Mr. Hilder!" she exclaimed, springing to her feet, with flashing eyes.

"Well," he said, quietly, "you challenged me."

"You are impertinent, sir," and she swept away with dignity.

She remained closely shut in her own cabin during the remainder of the afternoon and until quite late in the morning, when Julius, who had maintained an anxious and impatient watch on deck, found her in the saloon sipping a cup of tea and nibbling a piece of toast by way of breakfast.

"I hope you have forgiven me," he said, taking a seat beside her.

"But I have not," she answered with decision.

"Which have I offended—the Governor's niece or the orphan music teacher?" he asked with a saucy smile.

"Both. It was a daring impertinence to one and a piece of insolence toward the other."

"Well, I don't see what I'm to do about it. It isn't the sort of thing you can expect a man to take back."

"No," she said, looking absently into her cup, then suddenly realizing that this was not just what she should have said, she hurried to add, amid a confusion of blushes: "That is, of course, you must take it back; at least you mustn't say anything more about it."

"Never?"

"Never."

"But that's impossible."

"Mr. Hilder."

"Miss Elton."

"I think we've had enough of this. It was my fault; I am willing to admit that. It was wretched taste on my part, and I've suffered all sorts of pangs in consequence." She waved her hand toward her cabin as she spoke, indicating that it was thus her hours of retirement were spent. "Let me go back to the question," she continued. "You asked me whether there was anybody to make it pleasant for me on shore. There was no reason but my own perversity why I should not have answered at once. No, nobody that I am at all sure will care to make it pleasant for me. I have a dear old uncle who has always been very good to me; but when he hears how naughty I have been I don't know what he will say to me," and she puckered up her white forehead into an expression of compunctious perplexity.

"Well," he said after waiting some time for her to resume, "is that all?"

"That answers your question, does it not?"

"My question as originally put—yes, I believe it does; but it has been so amplified that you can hardly expect me to be satisfied with that meager answer."

"Amplified! I don't understand." "These two ingenious hypotheses, for instance—were they both pure fiction, or which was the true statement."

"Both pure inventions," she returned, laughing and blushing again. "I am not that brilliant creature, a governor's niece, nor yet that more useful and respectable one, a teacher of music. The governor's niece was just a bit of satire. I traveled a few weeks once in company with such a person, and the constant iteration with which she dwelt upon her title, and the amount of respect it seemed to inspire in the minds of those who heard it, gave me the impression that it was the highest rank an unmarried women could attain in America. I think the impression must be well founded, too, as I noticed it produced quite an effect upon you."

"Not the effect you imagine. I was startled for a moment, I confess, but simply because of a slight coincidence."

"A coincidence! Do you know her?" and a hot blush and a look of consternation sat together upon the fresh, young face of Miss Elton.

"Never saw her; but there was a plot to make me cross the ocean with such a person and a lot of other women, which I defeated by running away."

"Oh! you ran away?" she breathed the words out in a startled half-whisper.

"Yes, they went in a Cunarder, and my friend Drake and I slipped off and took the steamer at Havre."

She looked at him with widely-opened eyes for a moment, during which he decided for the fiftieth time that the eyes were brown and not deep gray, as he had decided the other fifty times.

"Why did you run away?" she asked after a moment's consideration.

"Well, you see, I was with my sister and two or three others; just a nice little party, all the ladies married, so a fellow didn't always have to be on parade. We had a jolly, comfortable time until we got to Paris on our way home, and there sister took it into her head to join a woman who had been roaming about the continent with a lot of girls on an extensive husband hunt—one of those women who never look at a single man without picturing him to herself walking up the aisle with a white tie, with half a dozen groomsmen at his back, and who has always just the girl on hand who will walk up the other aisle in white satin and meet him demurely at the altar. I had no fancy for being cooped on a steamer with such an experienced angler."

"And the governor's niece was one of the girls?"

"Some governor's niece, so I heard. Now, what is the naughty thing you've been doing? Come, confidence for confidence."

For sole answer, however, Miss Elton leaned back in her chair and began to laugh immoderately. Julius looked at her for some moments, then catching the infection, began to laugh too, much to the edification of the waiters, who were beginning their preparations for dinner.

"I have no doubt it's awfully funny," he added, as she wiped the tears from her cheeks, "but I could enjoy it more if I knew just the point of view from which you see it."

"Perhaps you could," she replied demurely, checking an impulse to laugh again. "We seem to be in the way; suppose we move."

"Come on deck," he exclaimed, rising with alacrity and offering his arm.

"Thank you, no; I don't feel quite equal to the deck this morning."

She made him a ceremonious obeisance, and her cabin door had closed behind her before he had fully realized her purpose.

She did not reappear during the day. It was their last day at sea and Julius was in despair. The jetties' light was in sight when he retired, and when he awoke in the morning the smooth gliding motion of the ship announced that they were in the river. He was in no haste to see the low shores of the Mississippi, in fact he felt at the moment that he hated them; yet he sprang up, dressed with dispatch and mounted to the deck. Everybody was there but the one he sought. He stood near the companion way, watching furtively and starting at every step. She did not come, neither was she at the breakfast table.

The hours glided by, the city rose into view, passengers came on deck with sachels and umbrellas, prepared for going ashore, but still that particular cabin-door remained closed. They were at the wharf, the staging was run out, and a dozen or more citizens rushed across with that strange eagerness so inexplicable to the voyager whose eagerness impels him in the opposite direction. Julius, still maintaining his watch at the companion way, felt himself gently put aside by a tall, gray-haired gentleman, in a brown coat, who went with careful haste down the brass steps. He heard a little cry, and peering through a skylight he saw Miss Elton in the arms of the gray-haired gentleman, her head pressed against the brown coat, and her eyes upturned

to meet his spectacled gaze.

"Her uncle!" he muttered peevishly. "who the devil is he anyhow?"

He moved discontentedly to the side and looked at the people hurrying ashore.

"Hello, Julius! Going to spend the night aboard?" cried Drake coming up with a duly chalked valise in each hand.

"Oh, Mr. Hilder," exclaimed another and more musical voice. "Wait, uncle, I must introduce you; Mr. Hilder has been very kind to me."

"What, Julius! Why, my dear boy, how d'ye? My wife wrote me you were coming over with her." His hand was grasped with a hearty pressure, and he found himself gazing into the spectacled eyes of Mr. Smollett.

"Oh, stupidest of stupids!" he exclaimed as he thrust slippers and brushes into his valise in the privacy of his cabin. "Bagged by the Smollett ogress after all, by Jupiter!" he added as he gave a last twist to his fair mustache before the misty mirror.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

The Original "Dixie."

The New Orleans Times-Democrat gives the following as the correct original of the famous "Dixie:"

"I wish I was in de land of cotton,
Old times dar am not forgotten;
In Dixie land whar I was bawn in,
Arly on a frosty mawnin'.

"Ole missus marry Will de weaber;
Will he was a gay deceaber;
When he puts his arm around her
He looked as fierce as a forty-pounder.

"His face was sharp as a butcher's cleabor,
But dat didn't seem a bit to greab 'er;
Will run away, missus took a decline,
Her face was de color ob de bacon rine.

"While missus libbed she libbed in clober,
When she died she died all ober;
How could she act de foolish part
An' marry a man to broke her heart?

"Buckwheat cakes an' cawn-meal batter
Makes you fat, or little fatter;
Here's a health to de nex' ole missus,
An' all de gals as wants to kiss us.

"Now if you want to dribe awsy sorrow
Come an' hear dis song to-morrow;
Den hoe it down an' scratch de grabbel,
To Dixie land I'm bound to trabbel."

CHORUS.

"I wish I was in Dixie, hooray, hooray!
In Dixie's land
We'll take our stand.
To live an' die in Dixie;
Away, away, away down Souf in Dixie;
Away, away, away down Souf in Dixie!"

A ROMANCE OF BROADWAY.

"I have earned three shillings, York, this blessed afternoon!" I exclaimed, with ill-suppressed exultation, as I threw down my pen, which I had been diligently using for four hours (I was penning "an article" for a certain "monthly," dear reader), pushed my closely-written manuscripts from me, and took a yellow cigar from my hat, which I have made my chief pocket since my fifth year, the time, I believe, when my discriminating parents exchanged my infant cap for the manly castor. Three York shillings have I made this blessed day, heaven be thanked, and now I can conscientiously take a little "ease in mine inn!' Whereupon I ignited my cigar with a self-enkindling apparatus, a gift from my considerate landlady—pray heaven she charges it not in her bill—to save her candles, and ascending the three steps to my window, I seated myself in my accustomed chair, and forthwith proceeded to speculate on things external. It was that calm, lovely time, which is wont to usher in the twilight of a summer evening. The roll of wheels in Broadway beneath me was ceaseless. Bright forms flashed by in gay carriages! The happy, the gallant, the beautiful, were all forth to take the air on the fashionable evening drive! Why was I not with the cavalcade? Where was my Rosinante? Where was my "establishment?" Echo answered "where?" I puffed away silently and vigorously for a few seconds, as these mental queries assailed me; and, blessed soother of the troubled, oh, incomparable cigar! my philosophy returned.

Diagonally opposite to my window stands one of the proudest structures on Broadway. It is costly with stone and marble, lofty porticos and colonnades. The edifice first attracted my attention by its architectural beauty, and eventually fixed it by a mystery, that seemed, to my curious eye, to be surrounding one of its inmates!

A lady of dazzling beauty was an inmate of that mansion, and, for aught I know to the contrary, its only inmate. Every afternoon, arrayed in simple white, with a flower or two in her hair, she was seated at the drawing room window, gazing out upon the gay spectacle Broadway presents of a pleasant afternoon. I saw her the first moment I took possession of my dormant nook, and was struck with her surprising loveliness. Every evening I paid distant homage to her beauty. Dare a poor scribbler, a mere penny-a-liner, aspire to a nearer approach to such a divinity, enshrined in dollars and cents? No! I worshiped like a publican, afar off. "Tis distance lends enchantment to the view." But she was not destined to be worshiped by all. One afternoon she was at the window, with a gilt-leaved volume in her hand, when a gentleman of the most graceful bearing rode past my window. He was well mounted and sat upon his horse like an Arabian! He was what the boarding school misses would call an elegant fellow! a well-bred man of the world, a remarkably handsome man! Tall, with a fine oval face, a black, penetrating eye, and a mustache upon his lip, together with a fine figure and the most perfect address, he was, what I should term, a captivating man. His air, and a certain indescribable comme il faut, bespoke him a gentleman. As he came opposite her window his eye, as he turned it thither, became fascinated by her beauty! How much lovelier a really lovely creature appears when seen through 'plate glass!' Involuntarily he drew in his spirited horse, and raised his hat! The action, the manner, and the grace, were inimitable. At this unguarded moment the 'hind wheel of a rumbling omnibus struck his horse in the chest. The animal reared high, and would have fallen backward upon his rider, had he not with wonderful presence of mind stepped quietly and gracefully out of the stirrups to the pavement, as the horse, losing his balance, fell violently on his side. The lady, who had witnessed with surprise the involuntary homage of the stranger, for such, from her manner of receiving it, he evidently was to her, started from her seat and screamed convulsively. The next moment he had secured and remounted his horse, which was only slightly injured by the fall, acknowledged the interest taken in his mischance by the fair being who had been its innocent cause (unless beauty were a crime) by another bow, and rode slowly and composedly onward, as if nothing unusual had occurred. The next evening the carriage was at the door of the mansion. The liveried footman was standing with the steps down, and the handle of the door in his hand. The coachman was on the box. I was, as usual, at my window. The street door opened, and with a light step the graceful form of my heroine came forth and descended to the carriage. At that moment (some men are surely born under the auspices of more indulgent stars than others) the stranger rode up and bowed with ineffable grace, and (blessed encounter that, with the omnibus wheel) his bow was acknowledged by an inclination of the superb head, and a smile that would make a man of any soul seek accidents "in the cannon's mouth." He rode slowly forward and in a few seconds the carriage took the same direction. There are no inferences to be drawn from this; reader. All the other carriages passed the same route. It was the customary one! At the melting of twilight into night, the throng of drivers and riders repassed. The "lady's" carriage (it was a landau and the top was thrown back) came last of all! The cavalier was riding beside it! He dismounted as it drew up before the door, assisted her to the pave, and took his leave. For several afternoons successively, the gentleman's appearance was simultaneous with that of the lady at her carriage.

One evening they were quite late in returning. Finally, the landau drew up before the door. It was too dark to see faces, but I could have sworn that the equestrian was not the stranger! No! He dismounted, opened the door of the carriage, and the gentleman and lady descended! The footman had rode his horse, while he, happy man, occupied a seat by the side of the fair one! I watched the progress of this amour for several days, and still the stranger had never entered the house. One day, however, about 3 o'clock, I saw him lounging past, with that ease and self possession which characterized him. He passed and repassed the house two or three times, and then rather hastily ascending the steps, pulled the bell. The next moment he was admitted, and disappeared from my sight. But only for a moment, reader! An attic hath its advantages! The blinds of the drawing room were drawn, and impervious to any glance from the street; but the leaves were turned so as to admit the light of heaven and my own gaze! I could see through the spaces directly down into the room as distinctly as if

there was no obstruction. This I give as a hint to all concerned who have revolving leaves to their Venetian blinds. Attic gentlemen are much edified thereby! The next moment he was in the room, his hand on his heart—another, and I saw him at her feet! Sir—would that I had language to paint you the scene! Lady—I then learned the "art of love!" I shall have confidence, I have had so good a pattern, when I go to make my declaration! The declaration, the confession, the acceptance; all passed beneath me most edifyingly. Then came the labial seal that made his bliss secure. By his animated gestures, I could see that he was urging her to some sudden step. She at first appeared to be reluctant, but gradually becoming more placable, yielded. The landau was at the door in ten minutes. They came out arm in arm and entered it! I could hear the order to the coachman: "Drive to St. John's Church!" "An elopement," thought I. "Having been at the breaking cover, I will be in at the death!" and taking my hat and gloves, I descended, as if I carried a policy of life insurance in my pocket, the long flights of stairs to the street, bolted out of the front door, and followed the landau, which I discerned just turning the corner of Canal street. I followed full fast on foot. I eschew omnibuses. They are vulgar! When I arrived at church the carriage was before it, and the "happy pair," already joined together, were just crossing the trottoir to re-enter it! The grinning footman who had legally witnessed the ceremony, followed them.

The next day, about noon, a capacious family carriage rolled up to the door of the mansion, followed by a barouche with servants and baggage. First descended an elderly gentleman, who cast his eyes over the building, to see if it stood where it did when he left for the Springs. Then came, one after another, two beautiful girls, then a handsome young man. "How glad I am to get home again," exclaimed one of the young ladies, running up the steps to the door. "I wonder where Jane is that she does not meet us?"

The sylph rang the bell as she spoke. I could see down through the blinds into the drawing room. There was a scene!

The gentleman was for going to the door, and the lady, his bride, was trying to prevent him. "You shan't!" "I will!" "I say you shan't!" "I say I will!" were interchanged as certainly between the parties as if I could hear the words. The gentleman, or rather husband prevailed. I saw him leave the room, and the next moment open the street door. The young ladies started back in the presence of the new footman. The old gentleman, who was now at the door, inquired as he saw him, loud enough for me to hear, "Who in the devil's name are you, sir?"

"I have the honor to be your son-in-law."

"The devil you have! and who may you have the honor to be?"

"The Count L——y," with a bow of ineffable condescension.

"You are an impostor, sir!"

"Here is your eldest daughter, my wife," replied the newly made husband, taking by the hand his lovely bride who had come imploringly forward when the disturbance reached her ears. "Here is my wife, your daughter."

"You are mistaken, sir, she is my housekeeper!"

A scene followed that cannot be described. The nobleman had married the gentleman's housekeeper. She had spread the snare, and like many a wiser fool he had fallen into it.

Half an hour afterwards a hack drove to the servant's side door, and my heroine came forth, closely veiled, with bag and baggage, and drove away. The Count, for such he was, I saw no more! I saw his name gazetted a day or two after as a passenger on a packet ship that sailed for Havre. How he escaped from the mansion remaineth yet a mystery.—*Every Other Saturday.*

The Way of the World.

The hands of the King are soft and fair;
They never knew labor's stain,
The hands of the robber redly wear
The bloody brand of Cain.
But the hands of the man are hard and scarred
With the scars of toil and pain.

The slaves of Pilate have washed his hands
As white as a king's may be.
Barabbas with wrists unfettered stands,
For the world has made him free.
But thy palms toil-worn by nails are torn,
O Christ, on Calvary!
—James Jeffrey in the Roche Independent.

Time to Plant the Seed.

De ole turkey gobbler bab er 'gun fur ter strut,
Time fur de plantin' o' de seeds:
An' whut a mighty shine dat scoun'rel he ken cut,
Time fur de plantin' o' de seeds.

He bows his ole naik when de domenicker sings,
Time fur de plantin' o' de seeds;
An' he marks on de groun' wid de tips o' his wings,
Time fur de plantin' o' de seeds.

Come er hitch up yer team dar an' break up de groun';
Come er ole man, shake dem jints er roun'.
Go er 'long Andy, go 'long Spence,
An' chop out de bushes from de corner o' de fence.

Gobbler's too proud fur ter eat er black bug,
Time fur de plantin' o' de seeds;
His voice soun's lack er pourin' sunthin' from a jug,
Time fur de plantin' o' de seeds.
—Opie Read.

MAY'S SACRIFICE.

"My last hope rests in you, May."

"In me, father?"

May Warren made answer in a tone of surprise, raising her sad, anxious eyes in her father's face.

As if her gaze discomposed him, Mr. Warren turned his head, and his glasses wandered restlessly around the apartment. He was an old man, with a tall, spare figure, thin, gray hair, and was sitting in an old arm-chair by a table covered with papers, while his pretty daughter, May, sat beside him on an ottoman. She repeated the words:

"In me, father?"

"Yes," he replied, starting from a moment's abstraction. "Do you remember Colonel Leighton, my dear?"

"Colonel Leighton? An old man with a heavy beard, partly gray, and pleasant blue eyes. He dined with us a few weeks ago. Yes, I remember him, father."

"Not so very old, May—not so old as I am—and one of the finest men living. He is wealthy, very wealthy, too.

He met his daughter's questioning gaze fully, now, as if he wished her to read something in his face. She kept her dark eyes fixed searchingly upon his countenance, the ebb and flow of the soft color upon her cheeks betraying the quick pulsations of her heart.

"What do you mean, father?" she asked, at length.

"I saw him last night. He offered to help me—save me, if——"

"If what, father?"

"If I would give you to him."

The words came hurriedly from Mr. Warren's lips, as if he feared that if he deliberated he should not be able to utter them at all. As they fell on his daughter's ear she started to her feet, pushing back her hair from her pale face, in a bewildered sort of way, as if she were half-stunned.

"Marry me, father? Colonel Leighton?" she cried, in a low tone.

Mr. Warren took her hand and drew her down to her seat again.

"May, Colonel Leighton will be a good husband to you. I have known him from boyhood, and understand perfectly his character and principles. He loves you—will be kind to you, and strive in every way to make you happy. And more—and more, May; he will save me from beggary!"

He paused, but his child, with her face bowed upon her hands, made no reply—nor stirred. The mute distress that her attitude betokened was not unnoticed by him.

"I do not force you to do this, May, remember; the matter is left entirely to your own choice. But you know what my wish is—what the alternative will be if you do not accept the offer."

She knew only too well. Fully she realized how absolutely necessary the luxuries to which her father had been accustomed were to him. Absolute loss of possession did not seem the most dreadful thing in the world to her, but she knew what a wreck it would make of him. In her youth and strength the future would still be bright and full of hope to her; but how could he, with his aged frame and burden of sixty years, commence life anew? The hopeful thought that she could work for him and support him with his accustomed comforts afforded her but a moment's comfort. To him, with his stubborn, aristocratic ideas, this would be the most severe trial of all—his delicately reared, petted child laboring for his support. He would never be reconciled to it. There was no alternative, she saw at a glance. Then, with a desperate effort to think calmly, she recalled the form of Colonel Leighton. She remembered his bowed head and silvered beard, his dark, deeply furrowed face and fifty years. She could get no further. A younger face, with merry, azure eyes and tossing, sunny hair sprang up in strong contrast. Stretching out her hands to her father, as if for pity, she cried out:

"I cannot—oh, father, I cannot—"

The old man sank back with a groan.

"Lost—then I am lost!" he cried, shuddering.

There were no reproaches, only those bitter words and that despairing attitude. White and tearless she sat at his feet, the agony of her heart written on her face. The wild, desperate thought that the sacrifice was possible occurred to her.

"Father, dear father!"

He raised his head, whitened with the frosts of his sixty winters, and looked at her with a gleam of hope in his sunken eyes. She crept into his arms, as she had done when a child, and laid her soft cheek against his wrinkled brow.

"You know that I love you, father," she said. "I can never remember you but as kind, tender and forbearing with me. Your heart has been my home all my life. I will work, beg, suffer for you—I will die for you—oh, how willingly, if need be! But that—oh, father, you do not know what it is that you ask!"

He did not speak, but a moan broke uncontrollably from his lips as he rested his head upon her shoulder. The struggle in her heart sent dark, shadowy waves across her face. Could she—could she?

"Father," she whispered, hurriedly, "let me go now. I will see you again—answer you to-morrow." And she left him.

He could not see her face in the gathering darkness, only a glimpse of something white, but he felt the quiver of her lips as she bent to kiss him, and reached out his arms to embrace her, but she was gone.

"Heaven pity me!" The words came like a wail from her lips. She was alone in her chamber, flung prostrate upon a low couch, with her face hid in the cushions. The sound of the rustling foliage of the garden, and the chirping of the birds came in through the open window with the damp evening breeze, and the pale light of the rising moon filled the room with a soft radiance, but she was unconscious of everything but her misery. The house was so quiet that the sound of a footstep crossing the hall below fell upon her ear and aroused her to a momentary interest. She heard a door open—the library door—and then a voice uttered a few words of commonplace greeting. She remembered it well, and sprang to her feet with a desperate, insane thought of flight. But the door closed, the house was still again, and she was calmer.

She crossed the room listlessly and drew back the curtains of the window. The scene without was beautiful. The moonlight lay broadly on the garden, turning to silver the tops of the trees and making the little lake beyond look like a great white pearl. Gazing earnestly downward, she saw a tall, shadowy figure standing beneath the shade of the old elm. With a low cry she sprang from the room and a moment later stood beside her lover.

"Come at last, my treasure," cried Mark Winchester, folding her in his arms. She remained leaning passively against his breast, while he pressed passionate kisses upon her forehead, cheeks and lips.

"Why have you made me wait so long, darling?" he said, softly, and taking both her slender hands in one of his, he pressed them to his lips. "Why, how cold you are! How you tremble!" he continued, as she clung to him. "What is the matter, May?"

"I waited because I dreaded to meet you, Mark."

"Why? What do you mean?"

And, brokenly, through her tears and sobs, she told him all. He did not speak or stir while she was talking, and when she had finished there was a long silence. She lacked courage to say more—he would not ask. She repeated the last words. "And to-morrow I must give him my answer." Still he did not speak.

She looked up at him. In the dim light she could see his rigid, agonized face, white lips and gleaming eyes. She stole her arms about his neck, and drew his forehead down to her lips.

"Speak to me, Mark; say that you do not blame me."

He knew then that she had decided, and what that decision was.

"And you will leave me, May, and marry that old man?"

"Heaven pity me, Mark, for I must. I will become his wife, and will be true and faithful to him, for he will be kind and true to me. You will hear of me thus, and when you do, remember my words, Mark, that you have my heart."

"I will remember, May. God help us both, for I shall never forget you. They shall bury me with this upon my heart."

And he drew a tress of soft brown hair from his bosom.

For a moment more—one little precious moment—he held her against his heart and then kissed her, put her from him, and was gone.

For a moment she stood alone under the trees, with clasped hands and face upraised to the quiet sky, and then she turned and walked silently toward the house. A bright light from the library window streamed down on her, and as she looked up she saw the shadow of a bowed figure falling across the curtain.

"Father, you are saved!" she murmured.

A hand was laid suddenly on her arm, and she started with a low cry.

"Good evening, Miss May," said Colonel Leighton. "I have been seeking you."

She bowed, and stood silently before him with a calm, downcast face.

"I have been talking with your father," he continued, carelessly pulling a rose from a bush near them. "He told me that you promised to think of my proposal, and let us know what your decision is to-morrow. Is there anything I can say which will influence you to form that conclusion in my favor?"

"You can say nothing which will influence me in the least Colonel Leighton. As my father has said, you shall have my answer to-morrow."

He glanced at the young face, so sad in its calm dignity, and then looked down at his fingers again, which were busy tearing to pieces the blossom he held and allowing the crimson petals to fall at his feet as if they were the fragments of the heart he was breaking.

In the long silence that followed she glanced up at him once, with the thought of flinging herself upon his mercy by giving him her confidence; but the stern expression of his face repelled her.

"Miss May," he said suddenly, "you are averse to this marriage."

His tone aided in rendering his words an assertion. She was startled, but replied quietly, "Do you think so?"

"I must be blind if I could think otherwise," he continued, with sudden energy. "May Warren, you know that you hate me—that you would rather die than become my wife, were it not for your father's sake."

Before she realized what she was doing the monosyllable "yes" slipped from her lips.

"And in doing this, do you realize how you would wrong us both?"

She was silent.

"It shall never be. I shall never call you my wife, knowing that you do not love me—that your heart is not in my keeping. I will not tell you of my hopes, how I have dreamed that my last days would be my happiest ones—it would not interest you. Now I have only to say that you are as free as if I had never seen your sweet face."

He paused for a reply, but she made none. Bewildered by her position, she did not know what to say.

"I know that I have only myself to reproach," he went on. "My motive in offering your father my assistance was a purely selfish one. The consequences are only what I deserve. I had no thought of the long years during which he had been my true and faithful friend, but cruelly took advantage of his position to gain my own ends. Yes, I am properly punished."

There was a bitterness in his tone, a despondency in his attitude, that greatly changed his accustomed dignified composure of manner. Half unconscious of what she did, only sensible of the pity she felt for him, the young girl put her hand upon his arm and then said, softly:

"Forgive me."

"Forgive me, rather, my child," he said, gently, taking the little hand in one of his, "for the misery I have caused you. I should have known that our paths in life could never be one. But good-night, I will not detain you."

She did not shrink from him as he bent down to kiss her forehead with his last words. He stepped aside to allow her free passage to the house, but she did not move.

"You are thinking of your father," he said. "Do not be distressed on his account. Remember me in your prayers to-night, and sleep sweetly. It is all I ask."

He did not wait to hear her fervent "God bless you!" or witness her burst of joyful tears, but quickly left her.

The morning sunshine streamed boldly into the apartment of old Mr. Warren, where he lay in the heavy sleep of mental and physical exhaustion. The forenoon was far advanced

when a servant aroused him, informing him that Colonel Leighton waited him in the library. Making a hasty toilet, the old man left his chamber and went to join his friend. The gentlemen met cordially, and Colonel Leighton immediately requested that May might be sent for. They waited but a few minutes before the door swung noiselessly open, and, wearing a white morning robe, the young girl entered. At a motion from her father she sat down upon a low seat at his feet, and then glanced up with a confiding smile at Colonel Leighton, who stood leaning against the mantelpiece with an expression half-sad, half-admiring.

"We are waiting for your answer, May," said Mr. Warren, quietly.

"I will leave the matter entirely in Colonel Leighton's hands," she replied.

The old man glanced perplexedly from her to his friend. Colonel Leighton stepped forward.

"My old friend, James Warren," he said, "I met your daughter last night and talked with her. I discovered with what feelings she regarded a marriage with me, and cannot allow the sacrifice she would make for your sake. I will never marry her; she is free. And now I have to ask your pardon for the unmanly way in which I have taken advantage of your embarrassments and have come so near to destroying the happiness of your child. Every power of mine shall be exerted to its utmost to relieve you, and all the reward I ask is the knowledge that you and May do not despise me. Nay, nay, no thanks. I deserve rather to be scorned for the part I have acted. I have one favor to ask, old friend. Will you allow me to choose a husband for your daughter?"

"You have my full and free permission," replied Mr. Warner, smiling through his tears. "But I hope you will be more successful in your choice than I have been."

"Never fear," said the Colonel, with a glance at May. Flinging open a door that led to another apartment, he called, "Now, my boy!" and Mark Winchester sprang into the room.

"Behold your future son-in-law," said Colonel Leighton, and ere the old man could comprehend the scene, the young couple knelt for his blessing. At a motion from his friend, he gave it willingly, and never was there a happier party.

Through the interposition of his friend, Mr. Warren was saved from ruin and his daughter made happy. When May that morning asked for a solution to the problem of Colonel Leighton's knowledge of Mark, he replied, "I did not wait half an hour in the garden to no purpose, little one." And she understood that he had overheard her conversation with her lover. Through his influence, Mark's talents as an artist became known to the world, and a few years afterward he became a popular painter and a wealthy man; and, out of gratitude to his benefactor, he christened his first-born son Edwin Leighton Winchester.

Forty-one West Virginia counties prohibit whisky.

The Night-Blooming Flower.

There was a little night-blooming flower,
That thus spake to a bright-beaming star;
"From earth's loneliest wild and lowliest bower,
I see thy brilliant orb from afar;
But thou from thy home of radiancy
Canst not, in thy gorgeousness, descry
One so insignificant, little as me—
So diminutive and small am I."

The pure and resplendent star replied,
In tenderest love: "O, meek flower of earth,
Thou art little, but do not thyself deride
As one possessing no merit, worth;
Thy Maker designs thee, a beauty and charm;
Although so far distant from me thou art
That I cannot thy roseate petals warm
With smiles nor gaze down into thy heart.

"There is One, without whose kind, loving care
A sparrow cannot fall to the ground,
Has clothed the lilies in robes more rare
Than earth's monarchs in all their glory crowned!
Though thou bloomest in darkness of the night,
With no eye to greet thee—none to behold—
It is in God, thy Creator's sight,
That thou dost thine exquisite charms unfold!"

Thus many pine in their solitude
For recognition and honors from men,
And sigh, with a restless wish to be viewed
And loved and admired by human ken,
Spend their lives in efforts fruitless and vain
To gain renown while on earthly sod,
Who, freely as light and air, could obtain
The higher honors that come from God!

—James Homer Kennedy.

THE HAUNTED CORRIDOR.

"I don't believe a word of it!" said Aunt Rebecca.

The wine-like glow of sunset yet illumined the great bay window; but the rest of the apartment was already enshrouded in the gray shadows of the night, in whose misty indistinctness the huge chairs of carved oak looked like gigantic monsters from some foreign shore.

"I don't believe a word of it!" repeated Aunt Rebecca, with more emphasis than before. "A ghost story, indeed!"

"Tell me about it, Violet," said young Hazlewood.

"It is not much of a story," said Violet, "only years ago, long before my great grandpapa built this house, the site was all one unbroken wood, and there was a tradition that a beautiful girl was murdered by her lover. Her grave, they said, was beneath the foundations of the house, but I scarcely credit this part of the legend."

"Of course not," interrupted Miss Rebecca, with a toss of her false curls. "I have no patience with the relics of superstition."

"What are you looking for aunt? Have you dropped anything? Shall I call for Harris to bring a candle?" asked Violet, a moment afterward coming to her aunt's side.

"Nothing, nothing," said Miss Rebecca, with a little embarrassment in her voice. "Come—don't stay here any longer in the biting cold, unless you both want a week's medicine and doctor's visits."

"It is not cold, Aunt Rebecca," pleaded Violet, "and the starlight is so beautiful on the stone pavement."

But a peremptory summons from Colonel Orme himself, who had just waked from a comfortable nap beside the glowing fire in the library to a sort of vague wonder as to "where Rebecca and the young people could possibly be," speedily settled the matter.

"Never mind, Violet," whispered Charles Hazelwood; "by-and-by, when your father has gone to his room and Aunt Rebecca is busy with her curl papers in her own special dormitory, we can have a starlight stroll through the ghost's territory!"

Violet gave him an arch glance as she tripped after Aunt Rebecca into the hall which led to Colonel Orme's brilliantly-lighted library.

"I wish Captain Hazelwood wouldn't remain out there," said Aunt Rebecca, anxiously. "He will catch his death of cold; and, besides—"

"Besides what, Aunt Rebecca?"

"Violet," said the maiden lady, "I wish you would go down and see if the housekeeper has prepared that posset for my sore throat, that's a good girl. I think I shall go to bed.

Violet went to execute her aunt's behests.

How peacefully the distant hills and valleys slept in their snowy mantles that glorious December night! It reminded one of a lovely painting executed with brushes dipped in liquid pearl, and shaded with pencils of glimmering silver! At least, so they seemed to Charles Hazlewood. But then Charles Hazelwood was in love.

The tall old-fashioned clock in the hall was striking twelve, when Aunt Rebecca emerged from her door, treading on tiptoe, and carrying a dim light in her hand. Now, Aunt Rebecca, in nodding false curls, lace coiffure, and 18-year-old style of dress was a very different sort of personage from Aunt Rebecca, with her head tied up in a silk handkerchief, her false curls laid aside, and a long white dressing robe enveloping her lank figure; and the latter was by no means the more prepossessing of the two. Probably some such consciousness swept across the good spinster's brain, for she shuffled with accelerated rapidity past the solemn eyes of the grave old family portraits on the wall.

"I am sure I dropped them somewhere here," she murmured, pausing in front of the bay-window. "How provoking! There goes my candle out! But I believe I can find them, however, the starlight is so bright. Mercy upon us! what is that! The ghost! the ghost!"

Aunt Rebecca fled shrieking down the corridor, her hands clapped over her eyes, before which was imprinted the appalling vision of a tall figure sweeping past all in white, with a crimson stain at its pallid throat. The house was aroused into instantaneous commotion, lights flashed into brightness at the various doors, and an eager circle of inquirers surrounded Aunt Rebecca.

"It glided past me like a gust of wind!" she shrieked—"all in white, with that dreadful mark of blood upon its throat! It's a warning—I know it's a warning that I haven't long to live. Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do?"

"But I don't understand what you were doing in the ghost's corridor at

this time of night," interrupted Col. Orme, staring at his sister.

"Well, if you must know," said Miss Rebecca, with a little hysteric sob, "I dropped my false teeth there, just at dusk, and I didn't like to look for them there, with Violet and Captain Hazelwood standing by; and so—and so—"

"Oho! that's it, eh?" said Colonel Orme, laughing. "Upon my word, Sister Becky, you are rather over-particular for a woman 50 years old."

"Only 49, James," interrupted Miss Rebecca with a shrill accent of indignation.

"But the ghost?" inquired young Hazelwood, who had just arrived on the scene of action, with rather a flushed brow and embarrassed air. Upon which Aunt Rebecca gave way to the combined influences of her brother's unkind remark and the fright of ghost-seeing, and fairly fainted, without further notice. According to the usual custom of womankind on such occasions, Colonel Orme and all the other gentlemen were hustled out into the hall, while the victim of the female officials was deluged with Eau de Cologne, stifled with burnt feathers, and vigorously treated with hot flannel.

"She's coming to, poor dear creature!" was the final verdict hurled at Colonel Orme through a crack in the door.

"Well, I'm glad of it, I'm sure!" said the Colonel, dolorously, rubbing his hands, "for it's cold out here in the hall. Why, hilloa! is this you, my little Violet? What's the matter? *You* haven't seen a ghost, I hope?"

"No, papa," faltered Violet; "but—"

"Suppose we three adjourn into the library, Colonel Orme, and I will undertake the task of explanation," interrupted Charles Hazelwood, while Violet's cheeks grew like flame.

"Well, may I venture to inquire what all this means?" interrogated the bewildered Colonel, when the library door was safely closed.

"It means, sir," said Charles, laughing, yet a little puzzled how to proceed, "that Violet, your daughter, and I were just looking out at the stars, in the embrasure of the great hall window, when we saw some one approaching with a light. Violet went to see what the apparition meant, when Miss Rebecca (whom it proved to be) dropped her candle, and ran shrieking away."

"So Violet was the ghost, eh?" said the colonel, repressing a very strong inclination to laugh.

"You see, papa," interposed the young lady, 'I wore my long cashmere mantle, for I was afraid of taking cold, and it was tied at the throat with red ribbons, and—"

"And Aunt Rebecca took it for granted that you were the murdered heroine of our family ghost story," said the colonel, archly. "But allow me to ask you, young people, what you were so much interested in?"

"Well, sir," said Hazlewood, "I had just asked her if she would'nt marry me—don't run away, Violet—and she said 'Yes'—that is, if I could win her father's consent."

"Well!"

"And I would like to know what her father says to the proposition?" added the young officer laughingly detaining Violet, who was struggling to escape.

"He says," answered Colonel Orme, "that your intrepidity in facing the ghost deserves some reward, and he likewise supposes that his daughter must be allowed to have her own way. Take her, Charley, and don't spoil her! No thanks now; but let me go and see after your Aunt Rebecca."

"Papa!" whispered Violet, as he rose, with his hand on the door.

"Well, my dear?"

"Don't tell Aunt Becky that—that—"

"That you were the ghost? Just as you please."

And he went, chuckling, to inquire after his sister's health. There is no evidence that he ever did betray Violet's secret, but two things may be regarded as settled facts in the records of Almwick Place—one is that Aunt Rebecca strennously denies the existence of ghosts, and abhors the very sight of her niece's white mantle with cherry trimmings; the other is that she is particularly careful never to pass through the solemn old haunted hall alone after sunset!

The Chief Magistrate Worried.

A daring, graceful equestrienne daily attracts considerable attention by her maneuvers in the park south of the President's house, and the Chief Magistrate has noted her particularly. She has no hesitation in attempting feats of horsemanship that would create envy among professionals, and she appears to be in every way capable of managing the handsome bay horse which she rides. It is not an unusual sight to see the animal going at a rate of speed rarely witnessed off a race track, and urged to renewed exertions by a persuasive whip. Since the pleasant weather set in the unknown rider has created considerable gossip as to her identity, both at the Executive Mansion and that portion of the Treasury Department which faces south. A groom on a handsome black horse stands sentinel during the feats of his young mistress, and when she and her animal are tired out with the exercise he gallops after her and escorts her through Executive avenue homeward. Frequent inquiries have been made by the President as to the young lady's history, but thus far no one has been able to enlighten him.—*The Capital.*

The Art of Ancient Wood Engraving.

The art of wood working is the oldest of the means whereby man gratified his vanity or his eye, and the one which, even among savages, still maintains its former excellence. The New Zealander's club and the ancient Aztec's gods, the Hydah Indian's pipes and the paddles of the Polynesian canoe man are marvels of carving, executed with the rudest tools, or with bits of obsidian or sharpened shell, which the civilized workman would scarcely recognize as worthy of the name. The few travelers who have penetrated the mysterious Kaffir country of Central Asia describe entire villages, composed of wooden houses, elaborately carved on post and pillar. Until the fear of fire led to the use of iron and stone as building materials, and the disuse of wood reacted prejudically on wood carving, such towns were common in Europe, and remnants of them may still be seen in Blois, Chester and Coventry. Beams, brackets, door-heads and gable ends were effectively hewn with grotesque images of demons, heraldic devices, and those saintly faces which still look down on us with a glance so benign. After the Renaissance the great masters practiced carving in wood with such success that the chefs d'œuvre of Wohlgemuth of Norcmburg, Albert Durer, Ludwig Krug and Peter Flotner, whether in wood, or, as some of Properzia de' Rossi's are, in peach stones, can only be redeemed for a ransom which courtesy likens to that of kings.

Our Kind of a Man.

The kind of a man for you and me!
He faces the world unflinchingly
With smites, as long as the wrong resists,
With a knuckled faith and force-like fists;
He lives the life he is preaching of,
And loves where is the most need of love;
His voice is clear to the deaf man's ears,
And his face sublime through the blind man's tears;
The light shines out where the clouds were dim,
And the widow's prayer goes up for him;
The latch is clicked at the hovel door,
And the sick man sees the sun once more,
And out o'er the barren field he sees
Spring blossoms and waving trees
Feeling, as only the dying may,
That God's own servant has come that way,
Smoothing the path as it still winds on
Throgh the golden gate where his loved have gone.

The kind of a man for me and you,
However little of worth we do,
He credits full, and abides in trust
That time will teach us how more is just.
He walks abroad and meets all kinds
Of querulous and uneasy minds,
And, sympathizing, he shares the pain
Of the doubts that rack us, heart and brain,
And, knowing this, as we grasp his hand,
We are surely coming to understand!
He looks on sin with pitying eyes—
E'en as the Lord, since Paradise—
Else, theuld we read, though our sins should glow
As scarlet they should be white as snow
And feeling still, with a grief half glad
That the bad are as good as the good are bad,
He strikes straight out for the Right—and he
Is the kind of man for you and me!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

HER AUNT'S CHOICE.

"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"

"Yes, auntie."

"Don't 'auntie' me in that listless, don't care sort of voice. I want your attention. I have something important to say to you."

Elizabeth, or (as she was more familiarly called by her five hundred dear friends) Beth Bruce, just perceptibly raised her arched brows, and her curved lip curled.

"I am all attention, auntie," she answered, and threw a more positive inflection into her voice.

"Lay down that book and wheel your chair so that I can see your face. I can never bear talking to people's backs."

Beth dropped the paper covered novel she had been reading, and wheeled around her easy chair until she was face to face with Millicent Devereux.

spinster, aged fifty-five, being maternal aunt and guardian, and her only living relative.

Miss Millicent's face was thin, and seamed and furrowed by heavy lines. Her body matched her face in thinness and her iron grey hair was very thin also.

She had a very sharp eye, however, and she looked at poor Beth so keenly that the girl's face flushed painfully.

"Elizabeth Bruce——" began Miss Millicent again and then paused.

"Yes, auntie."

"Don't interrupt me. I can't bear to be interrupted."

She paused again; and this time Beth did not break the silence.

"Elizabeth Bruce, you will be eighteen years old to-morrow. I suppose you are aware of that fact?"

"Yes, auntie."

"You will be eighteen years old, and I think it is high time that you were made aware of the terms of your father's will. Your father lacked wisdom in many things, but he showed his good sense when he made his will. You were left a very comfortable fortune, Elizabeth."

"Was I?"

"About one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars."

"That is a large sum of money," said Beth, and her eyes glowed with a vague wonder. "I had no idea that I was so rich."

"You will have as much more when I die."

"Oh, auntie!" cried Beth, and her eyes moistened. "Don't talk about dying in that sort of manner! I would rather be a beggar than lose you!"

"Humph!" was Miss Devereux's comment, and she tossed her head. "You're helpless enough now, and the Lord knows what you'd be without money."

"I suppose it would be inconvenient to be poor," said Beth, gravely.

"Do you know what you are talking about, Elizabeth! Listen to me, pray."

"Yes, auntie."

"This money was left to you on certain conditions."

"Oh!"

"Your father premised that you would marry, though why I don't see. Women are a deal better off without husbands. I never had a husband."

Beth made no reply to this, but a smile crept across her face, and the elder woman continued:

"With a man's poor judgment he concluded that at eighteen a woman ought to marry."

"Oh, my!" said Beth, and she blushed slightly.

"I, however, am to pick you out an eligible husband."

"You, auntie?"

"And why not? It has always been allowed that I have as much judgment as the average woman, and a deal more than the average man."

"I didn't mean that, auntie."

"Well, then, please refrain from comment until I have finished. Your father had confidence in my judgment, and under the terms of the will I am to pick out a husband for you. If you do not marry the man of my choice, I have the power, under the will, to divert the money, which would otherwise be yours, to a different purpose."

"What?"

"You heard what I said. But, of course, you can't object to the man that I select."

"Oh, no," said Beth rather faintly—"of course not."

"I have selected a husband for you," continued Miss Millicent.

"You have?"

"A man who is the only one among the great number that I know who is qualified in every respect to be any woman's husband."

"Even yours?" faltered Beth.

"Elizabeth!" cried Miss Millicent in her severest tone.

"I beg pardon, auntie."

"Never let me hear you make such a foolish remark as that again. As I said before, I have picked you out a husband."

"What is his name?"

"Deacon Uriah Armstrong—a Christian man, moral in every respect, and with a fortune that is the equal of yours."

"But, auntie, dear," cried the girl, "the deacon is old enough to be my father, and he's ugly, and—well, not exactly that; but not fine looking, and I do not love him."

"Nonsense, child. He is a God-fearing gentleman, and it shows great disrespect on your part to speak of him as you do. He will call here this evening and will probably ask you to be his wife. After what I have told you, you will of course know better than to refuse."

"But, auntie,——"

"Silence, Elizabeth! I shall not listen to any of your foolish objections. Deacon Armstrong is worthy to be any woman's husband, and he is the man of my choice. It is now half-past two o'clock. He will be here promptly at four o'clock. You can now retire and dress."

Miss Millicent touched a little call-bell beside her, and waved her hand towards the door.

Beth, with tears of angry remonstrance gathering in her eyes, left the room, and Miss Millicent's maid entered to prepare her mistress's toilet.

Beth dressed rapidly and by half-past three was ready to "receive."

The expected visitor had not yet arrived, and to nerve herself for the coming ordeal, Beth slipped out into the garden and began to walk rapidly up and down the trim graveled walks.

Just as the town bells were chiming four, Deacon Uriah Armstrong rang the bell of the Devereux mansion, and was admitted by the solemn-visaged butler, Peter.

Miss Millicent Devereux, arrayed in the glossiest of black silks, sat in state in the drawing-room to receive the deacon.

He bowed in response to the maiden lady's stately courtesy, and presented:

"My nephew, Mr. Edgar Armstrong, of whom you have no doubt heard, and whom I took the liberty of bringing with me this evening—"

"You are welcome, Mr. Armstrong," said Millicent with a bow towards Edgar, and the butler got chairs for both gentlemen.

"My niece, Elizabeth, is in the garden, I think. I will send for her."

"Oh, don't trouble yourself," said the deacon, nervously. "Edgar can find her, no doubt. He is well acquainted with the young lady?"

"Ah, indeed!" said Miss Millicent, frowning and looking severely at the young man. "I can send the butler."

"Oh, no," protested the deacon. "Don't trouble yourself! Edgar can find her."

"Very well," said Millicent, and she pointed towards a door in the rear of the room. "You can reach the garden, sir, through that door."

Thus directed, Mr. Edgar Armstrong took his hat from the butler's hands and quickly vanished.

Beth was at the extreme lower end of the garden with a very rueful expression on her face.

She saw the young man as he came rapidly down the central walk and ran eagerly to meet him.

"Dear Edgar!" she cried, and put both her arms around his neck.

"My Beth!" he answered, and slipping his arm around her waist, he kissed her rapturously.

"I am so miserable," faltered Beth, and then she told him all that her aunt had said.

"Why, it's the most preposterous thing that I ever heard of!" said Edgar, when she finished, and he laughed gaily. "You marry my uncle!"

"If I don't do it I'll lose all my money," sobbed Beth.

"If you do do it, you'll lose me and a lifetime of happiness. It is my opinion that your aunt is laboring under a great misapprehension. I believe from expressions that my uncle has let slip in the last few days that it is she whom he desires to marry."

"Do you think so?"

"I am almost certain of it, and I know that he looks favorably on my suit for you."

"What shall we do?"

"Is the garden gate open?"

"Yes. Why?"

"I'll tell you how we'll settle the matter irrevocably. We'll slip through the garden gate, go to Parson Jones, get married, and when we get back go in and introduce ourselves as Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Armstrong."

"But it is so sudden," faltered Beth, drawing back, "and so irregular."

"You don't love me then?"

"Yes I do."

"Then you won't object. Even if matters should really exist as you think, and you should lose your money, we will not come to want, for I have a very comfortable property in my own right, and a good income from my profession. Will you do as I wish? I have loved you for a long time, Beth. Do consent and make me a happy man."

"I will," answered Beth.

And then they walked towards the garden gate.

They were gone half an hour, and

when they returned there was a new light in Beth's eyes as she clung to her husband's arm, and he walked along very proudly.

They entered the drawing-room by way of the hall door.

The deacon and Miss Millicent were seated in about the same positions, and when Beth glanced at her aunt there was a look of conscious guilt in that lady's face.

Edgar was the first to speak.

"Uncle 'Riah," he said, "and Miss Devereux," bowing to both, and leading forward Beth, "allow me to present to you my wife."

"What!" gasped Miss Millicent as she jumped to her feet.

"Edgar, my boy, bless you!" cried the deacon as he rushed forward and folded the young couple in his long arms.

"Deacon Armstrong!" ejaculated Miss Millicent, and she raised her thin hands in horror.

"Dear Miss Millicent!" cried the deacon, and he released Edgar and Beth, and rushed towards the spinster. "Congratulate 'em! They've done a sensible thing. But young people will be young people, and we old people would do well to follow their example —eh, darling?"

And he endeavored to put his arm around Miss Millicent's slim waist.

"Sir!" cried the lady, starting back.

"I mean just what I say,",continued the deacon, recklessly, and he succeeded in getting his arm around her and drawing her towards him. "I've loved you ever since we were children together."

"Me?" gasped Millicent.

"Yes, and I want you for a wife. You're the only woman I know that I'd ask to be my wife."

"Oh, dear!" was Millicent's faint articulation, and she slipped through the deacon's arms into her easy chair.

He knelt beside her, and Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong very discreetly glided from the room. When they returned an hour afterwards, the whole matter had been settled, and there were mutual explanations and congratulations.

An Anecdote of Jenny Lind.

As an illustration of the constant anxiety of artists concerning their powers, Mrs. Reeves tells how one prima donna refused to sit down at all on a day when she was to sing: "No, she would walk around the room, talking perhaps, singing perhaps, sometimes very busy with her needle and thread, but never sitting down the livelong day until the performance was all over. Why, I remember well enough one day how, on the morning of a performance, Jenny Lind (Mme. Goldschmidt) Mr. Reeves, Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, and myself, were in the room, and during the morning Jenny Lind and my husband were never still, passing one past the other, with music in hand, singing and practicing, and intent on the work before them. 'Why, Jenny,' said Mr. Goldschmidt, 'you must have sung those songs many times; surely there is no need of all this ' But remonstrance was in vain. 'You are a fine musician,' said Mme. Goldschmidt, in her quiet, decisive manner, to her husband, 'but Mr. Reeves and I are singers and we know what is best for us. Leave us alone.' Suppose you had called to see Jenny Lind on a day when she was singing. She would probably come into the room with a bundle of music in her hand, put it on a chair and sit down upon it; talk away pleasantly enough for a few minutes, turn to a passage in one of the pieces, and hum it over. Having satisfied herself of the correctness, she would replace it and sit down again as calmly as possible and resume the conversation at the point it was broken off.—*Pall Mall Budget.*

I Want My Tail Again.

If we, as Mr. Darwin says, from monkeys are descended,
Dame Nature's touch 'aint done as much as science has pretended;
And Father Time, I'll bet a dime, must "damn with faintest praise"
Much that we claim in shape of gain in these degenerate days,
And e'er we rate our man's estate too high in history's scale,
Let's wait and first investigate what loss it doth entail;
Let's also see why we should be so pleased with this our lot,
And how much gain and how much pain we by the trade have got;
And if I may I will essay, by aid of press and pen,
To show you why, O, science, I would like my tail again.

With their rude monkish habits then their tailor bills were small;—
The best authorities contend they had no bills at all—
Their board was where boards first are found, upon their native trees,
When all the race could race around and help themselves with ease,
They had no bodices or boots to squeeze them out of shape,
Their wine was all imported then directly from the grape.
So far you'll see, it seems to me, they were ahead of men,
So, dearest science, if you please, I want my tail again.

In these, our "greater" later days, body and soul are bent
To keep up health, appearances, and bills of tax and rent;
Our manners wear not that repose that marked the frugal clan
Who faced the heat, and sleet, and snows before primeval man.
That they had better morals, too, is plain enough to all,
For, give a monkey half a chance, and he will never fall,
While, on the other hand, we know that though his path may lie
Below the humblest mortal's tread, he soon can climb as high.
And all in all, both great and small, considered first and last,
I much prefer and wish there were the days that now are past,
And, dearest science, unto you, before I drop my pen,
I'll make this best and last request—I want my tail again.

—F. S. Ryman.

MADGE.

It was a very poorly furnished room in a cottage home; a small cottage, one of many, all small, mean, and scantily furnished, and the "hands" lived there. This one was Morgan's cottage, and it was Jack Morgan himself and his sister, Madge, who were seated at breakfast, lingering as was possible only on Sunday morning.

She was a tall, well-formed, strikingly handsome girl of nineteen, as she sat facing her brother, who was some five years older: and upon her face was an eager, troubled look, while he was sullen and downcast.

Young as they were they had seen better days; been well educated up to three years previous to that June morning, and then been thrown suddenly upon their own resources.

Jack fought his way, sullen and resentful, making few friends, and seeking none.

Madge was the braver of the two, meeting their reverses with quiet courage, and bringing energy, trust, and cheerfulness to the mean cottage home. Just one week had elapsed since an aunt from whom they had never hoped for aid, had left them each a hundred pounds, and Jack had resolved to try his fortune in Canada, while Madge put hers aside for a rainy day.

"I'll stay here until you are sure of success, Jack," she said, when he urged her to join him, "and keep a home for you in case that you should need one."

"Do you call this hole a home?" he asked bitterly, and she only smiled and answered:

"A shelter, then."

But she was not smiling when she sat at the Sunday breakfast, eating little, brooding sadly, until suddenly she cried—

"Jack, we must do something. Think what we owe Tom King."

"Owe him! I believe we have paid him every farthing," said Jack sharply.

"We paid him the money, I know; but we can never pay him what we owe him still."

"Bah! Don't be so sentimental, Madge."

"Common gratitude is not sentiment alone, Jack. Jack," she repeated, "can you forget who came to us in that sore need, paid doctor and butcher, and then buried our mother beside father in the cemetery?"

"And do you forget," her brother replied, almost angrily, "how we worked and saved, starved and perished, until every shilling of the money was in Tom King's pocket again?"

"I know! I know! But think how kind he was—how he helped you and me to get our situations in the mills, and how delicately he made the loans of money. And now—Oh, Jack, I must do something!"

"What can you do? If Tom King chose to lose his money in speculating, how are you responsible?"

"I am not, but, Jack, there is Aunt Kate's money."

"All you have in the world."

"No," she answered, "I have my wages."

"A noble fortune! Don't be a fool, Madge."

But Madge was a fool in the sense he meant. All through the morning, while she put the house in order, while she dressed in her quiet mourning for church, even through the service there, she was thinking of what she owed Tom King.

When her mother, crushed by the death of her husband, unable to meet the change from comfort to poverty, sank down prostrated; when Jack, unable to get work, was cursing fortune, Tom King came, as their father's

friend, and kept them from starvation. Madge's heart glowed as she remembered how thoughtful he was about sparing her trouble in every way.

He was more than double her age, and a grave, reserved man, whom she regarded with the affectionate respect she would have given her father, but with that same reverence she loved him deeply. And when the whole town knew that Tom King lay in the Newtown hospital, sick and penniless, the whole noble, grateful heart of Madge Morgan went out to him.

Many stories reached her. He had made a fortune and lost it; he had invested in mines, and the mines had failed and ruined him; he had been engaged, according to the Newtown gossips, in a dozen different speculations, winning vast sums only to lose them. But one broad, indisputable fact remained, if all the rest were false; he was lying in the hospital sick from the excitement that had put the last stroke upon his ill luck.

Dinner over, Madge put on her bonnet again.

"I'm going over to the hospital, Jack," she said.

Only a grunt answered her, but she would not be put off by Jack's sour looks, and went on her errand.

Here, upon a low iron cot-bed, pale and emaciated, but evidently on the road to recovery, Tom King lay when Madge Morgan came up to the ward with a nurse, her face so grave and tender that the strong will and patient endurance of its usual expression were lost in the pure womanly sympathy that rested there.

"My friend!" she said, taking the wasted hand extended to her, and Tom King wondered if ever two words held so much as those two.

"Why, Madge," he said presently, looking into her eyes misty with tears, "do not feel so badly, I'm gaining every day. The doctor says he will have me on my feet in a week, and I'm going abroad again."

"Again! When you have been so unfortunate there?"

"Eh? Oh, I see!" he said, with an odd look in his eyes; "you've been reading the *Newtown Star*. Unlucky, wasn't I?"

"Yes. But, Tom—I came to tell you —" the words came slowly—"that I have some money that—that is of no use to me. If it will start you again, I——"

"You want me to take it?"

"You can borrow it," anxious not to hurt his pride, "and some day—when you are rich—you can return it."

"Yes! I see! Have you got it with you?"

"I thought I would bring it with me," she said, her face flushed with pleasure, "and here it is."

He opened the white envelope and took it out, one note, just as the lawyer had sent it to her. Tom King laid it on the broad palm of his hand and stroked it tenderly.

"All your wealth, Madge?" he asked.

"Not while I have these," and she held up her hands. "I am so glad, though, that I have it."

He lay very quiet, looking steadily at the note for some minutes; then he began to speak, his eyes still fixed on the money, his voice steady but monotonous, as if he were reading a story there:

"When I went away, nearly three years ago," he said, "I went to see if I could not shake myself free from a dream I had. I dreamed that I could win the love of a child, a mere slip of a girl, who was forced into a premature womanhood by trouble. She was utterly unconscious of my love, but I knew I could not hide it if I stayed beside her. Out of her sight, far from the sound of her voice, the dream, instead of fading, became clearer, more vivid. Day and night I dreamed, but I worked as well. I put what money I had into investments that promised well—but there, I will not speak of that. Providence was merciful. I am alive, at least," he paused there, but a low, sweet voice took up the story.

"And the dream will become reality," the voice said. "The child-woman did not read her own heart, nor understand why nothing in her life met or filled the longing there. Not until sharp sorrow came, and she heard of him she loved lying ill and in poverty and pain, did she understand that he took all the love she could ever know away with him."

"And now, Madge?"

"It shall be as you say. I love you. I am young and strong, and I think I can be a help and not a burden to you."

"Will you be my wife, Madge?"

"Whenever you will."

"Madge, did you think, my dear, that I was ruined? I am a rich man, Madge, but I mean to keep this," and his hand closed over the note. "You shall never have it again, Madge."

"I am content," she answered.

And even Jack was satisfied; something of his sullen temper being lost when he once more found himself on the road to prosperity.

The French Cook.

The French cook, who is deemed the perfection of a culinary artist by the unfortunate uninitiated, is, after all, but a common mortal, with the same failings and weaknesses as her less celebrated sisters in other lands. Familiarity breeds contempt, and cooks, like prophets, seem to be without honor in their own country. According to the leading French papers, the French cook is dishonest, untidy, and worse than all, she cannot cook. The juicy roast and the multitude of dainty dishes for which she was once justly celebrated are now things of the past. It is only in provinces, at the hospitable houses of the priests and clergy, that the last specimens of the vanished race of efficient cooks are to be found. But take one of these modest and skillful artists "up to town," be patient with her even though she breaks your Saxon dinner plates, instruct her carefully, and after a twelvemonth, the stout, ruddy country maiden adorns her face with rice powder, wears high-heeled boots and lace trimmed-bonnets, and degenerates to the level of the Parisian cuisiniere. If you gently hint that some improvement in her cookery would be a pleasant thing, she leaves you to enter your neighbor's service, where 5 francs *de plus* are offered. "Servantgalism," as the Americans say is much the same all the world over. —*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Old John Ingmanson, of Sycamore, Ill., used to hold Christine Nillson on his knee when she was a child in Sweden, and when he went out to sell his tinware, she went with him and sang to draw purchasers.

Story of a Chicago Courtship.

A bronze-haired son of Arizona, who had the appearance of having been toying with the blizzards as they dance and skip around through the pine forests of the great Northwest, dropped into the beauty show in Chicago one day last week, where he fell a victim to the smiles of contestant known as "No. 6." She stood no show of taking the prize, but he didn't care for that. He constituted himself her prize package, and as such cast himself at her feet with all the suddenness and fury of an Arizona zephyr. She said she couldn't leave her mother.

"Don't want ye to; want her to go along," sighed the blizzard.

He called on her that evening, and her seat at the beauty show was vacant the next day. His hair has been trimmed, the tailors have sized him up, and a half-dozen dressmakers are working themselves into headaches over an elaborate and substantial trousseau, because he must be back home in time to get the spring wheat sowed before corn planting is on.—*New Mexican Review.*

A Magnificent Mast.

A magnificent mast has been sent from Verona to the agricultural department of the Turin exhibition. The tree grew in the woods of Cadore, and five other majestic pines had to be hewn down before the one destined for the mast could be removed. When the lower branches had been cut off this fine tree-trunk was divided into two pieces, the bottom part measuring more than 120 feet, and the top part, still adorned with its green branches, 18 feet. The weight of the tree, after being thus prepared, was 41 cwt. On examining the base it was found that that part was 205 years old, while the summit was only 83 years old. The mast was dragged from the forest to the station on two wagons, drawn by eight horses, and the whole of it took up seven railway trucks. Three days were employed in the transport by rail, as the special train could only travel by daylight, proceeding very slowly on account of the curves, and had to stop continually, not being able to pass another train. The mast is slender in comparison to its height, being 65 centimeters at the base and 15 at the summit. The stem preserves an equal width up to the height of about 90 feet, after which it diminishes rapidly. Including the expense of transport, the mast will cost more than £50.

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